

Chatelaine

IN THIS ISSUE

"We Haven't Got Forever"

BY GLADYS TABER

GETTING READY FOR COLLEGE

● TEN CENTS

AUGUST, 1942



"Glamour-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—

There's no future in a smile that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"



"It just doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens! 'Pink Tooth Brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"



"Look at the glamour girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm, sister! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next booking—and it's with the dentist!"



"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work, daily massage." (Note: A survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use nearly 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage twice a day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating tingle seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"



And sure enough, there came a day—



"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

You can have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling smile with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

"PINK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means—make a date to see your dentist at once.

He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the natural exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like so many modern dentists, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly and

brilliantly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer and stronger.

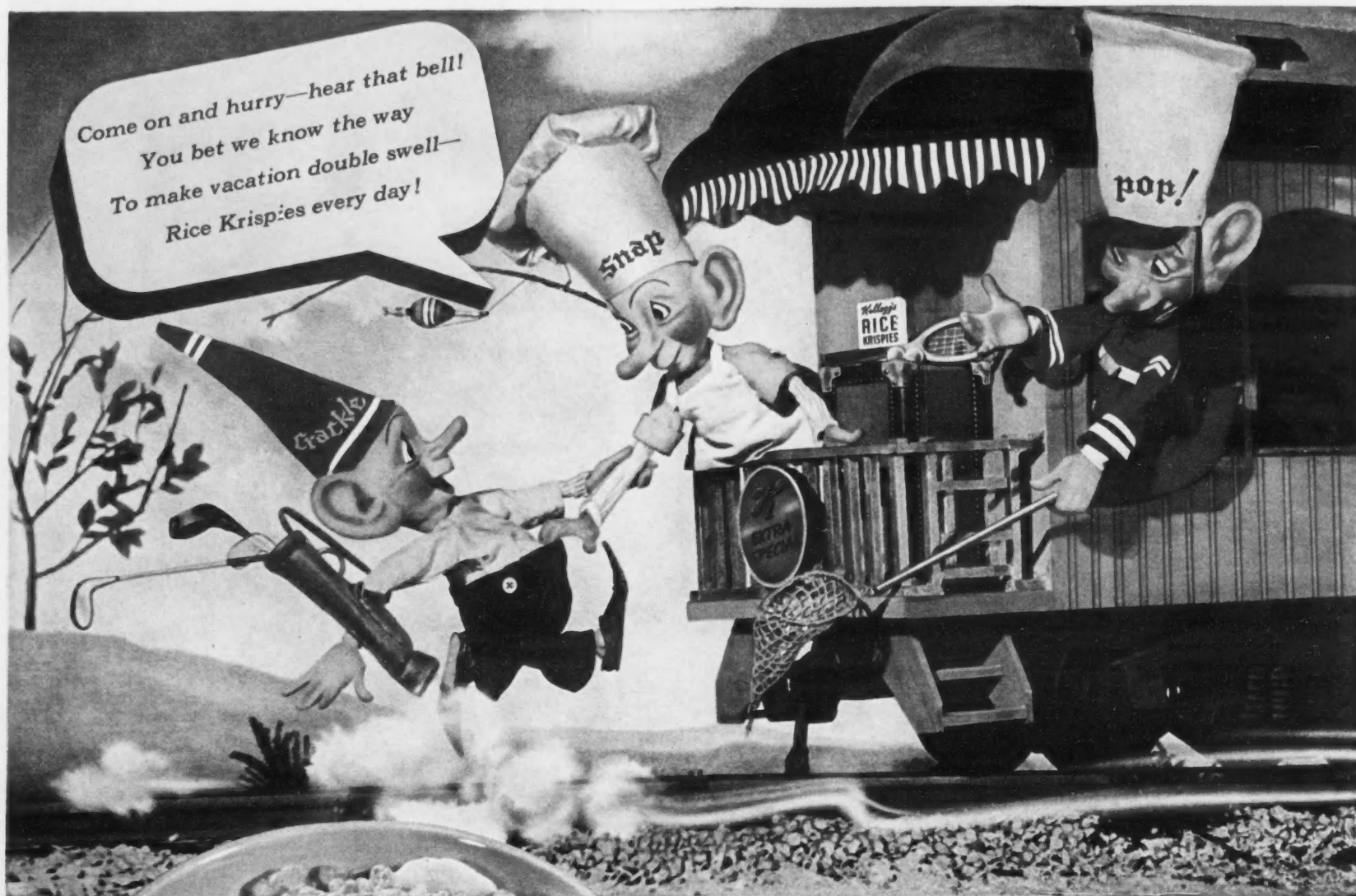
So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice an invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. That tells you circulation is speeding up within the gums—helping them to healthier firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine. See how it can help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



catch on to
Crispness



Now you're on the right track! Here's a real perk-up breakfast. Rice Krispies flash the green light to finicky appetites everywhere. They have a lively, never-quit crispness that milk or cream can't faze. Listen to them go snap! crackle! pop! A Pied Piper tune if there ever was one!

And oh, that mellow, tantalizing flavour . . . born of Kellogg's exclusive recipe, oven-popping and gentle toast-

ing. Every crunchy, golden morsel is fairly brimming with it.

Want to hold those vacation smiles all year? Serve zesty Rice Krispies. Doubly fetching with fruit. When travelling, ask for them on trains and boats . . . in hotels and restaurants . . . in the individual package—with the inner, WAXTITE, sealed bag.

"Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its brand of oven-popped rice.



Try KELLOGG'S VARIETY package!
6 delicious cereals—10 packages



Free! \$200 a Day for 30 Days!

180 CASH PRIZES TO CANADIAN WOMEN WHO TRY THE NEW OXYDOL

Finish this sentence in 30 Additional Words or Less

"I changed to OXYDOL for white washes because..."



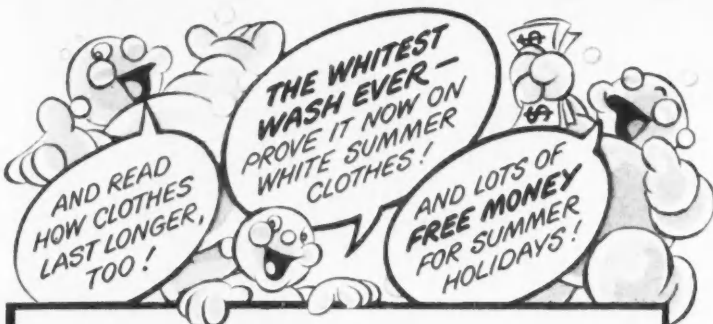
BIG SUMMER CONTEST FOR CANADA ONLY
\$6,000 FREE IN 30 DAYS
 To Women Who Try NEW OXYDOL

\$100 A DAY FIRST PRIZE
 Plus Five \$20 Prizes
 Every Day for 30 Days
 (Contest lasts 6 weeks — prizes awarded daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. Enter often — every day, if you like. Contest now on — ends September 18, 1942.)

Lots of winners in this contest! Lots of big cash prizes! All for those who try the New Oxydol — a contest for Canada only! And just at a time when you can use extra money for summer holidays. And just when you want to try New Oxydol any way, to get white summer clothes really sparkling — white without bleaching!

Mail your entry on entry blank or plain paper with one Oxydol box-top, any size, to Oxydol, Dept. C, 1600 Delorimier, Montreal, Quebec.

For hints on winning, read how



IT'S FUN! IT'S EASY! Follow These Simple Rules!

1. Just finish this sentence (writing 30 additional words or less): "I changed to Oxydol for white washes because..." Write on entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.
2. Mail to Oxydol Contest, Dept. C, 1600 Delorimier, Montreal, using sufficient postage. You can enter these contests as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by one Oxydol box-top, any size (or facsimile).
3. There will be 30 daily contests, running from August 10 through September 18 (except Saturdays and Sundays). Each day's contest will have a first prize of \$100 cash and 5 secondary prizes, each \$20 cash.
4. Entries received before midnight Monday, August 10, will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each day's contest as received. Entries for the

- final day's contest must be postmarked before midnight, September 18, 1942, and received by October 1, 1942.
5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, and contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.
6. Any resident of the Dominion of Canada may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Dominion and local regulations.
7. Prize winners will be announced approximately one week after the close of each contest on Oxydol's radio show "Ma Perkins." All winners will be notified by mail. Complete lists of winners will be available upon request after October 15, 1942.

New Oxydol gets your wash WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

So Easy, So Safely, with Active "Hustle-Bubble" Suds

You owe it to yourself to enter this contest. Not just for the prize money. But because entering means discovering New Oxydol — and getting a wash that's white without bleaching.

When you try it, you'll find lots to say about the New Oxydol. Every ounce is now much richer in washing power than before. You'll rave over the way its new active "Hustle-Bubble" suds get your wash white without bleaching. Except, of course, for stains or unusual pieces, you'll agree it's the whitest wash ever — the whitest wash any soap can give! That's guaranteed, or double your money back!

Save Clothes in Wartime, Too!

With this rich washing action, you don't need to risk harsh bleaching that can so easily weaken fabrics and fade colors. What's more, lively "Hustle-Bubble" sudsing gets clothes so clean you don't need the hard rubbing that wears

things thin and threadbare so quickly. You'll find clothes last much longer this safer way.

Safe for Colors . . . Safe for Rayons

With all its new washing efficiency, New Oxydol is safety itself for lovely colored washables and dainty washable rayons. So imagine, how safe for your general wash!

And milder now on hands! So try New Oxydol for dishes, too. Notice how much longer the suds last. Every cupful now goes much farther than before in tub, washer or dishpan — washes more clothes than any of 18 leading soaps!

Next time you visit your dealer, look for his big Oxydol display. He has handy contest entry blanks for you, that give you more hints on how to win. Or write your entry on plain paper if you wish. Mail it with one box-top from any size package of New Oxydol to Oxydol, Dept. C, 1600 Delorimier, Montreal, Quebec.



GET HELPFUL ENTRY BLANKS AT YOUR STORE, LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY!



"All that...and You, Darling..."

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a "double brush-off," as Broadway puts it—and came back.

Through the warm dark she could see her name glowing in lights... a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

"Darling, darling," she whispered, "It's all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown"... and patting his arm, "and unloved, too."

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again, "Sure, she may have talent... but she's got something else, too!" he said flatly.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible. And, like Smedley, he explained why.

Luckily the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it.* Later she actually forced herself into Smedley's office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a date which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong... that she could be completely desirable.

Two Strikes Against You

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest

of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn't it just common sense to be always on guard? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

Be At Your Best

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**

"So Many Mrs. Minivers..."



IT IS THE good fortune of the Empire and of humanity that there are so many "Mrs. Minivers." Everyone knows a "Mrs. Miniver." She is the woman next door. She is the mother and the wife and the sweetheart of the men fighting for freedom, liberty and justice—not alone for one people but for all. She would be quite surprised to be told that she is the truly great heroine of this war. For "Mrs. Miniver" stands as a bright symbol, a guiding light to the better world to come. In her is personalized the spirit of the British women everywhere in wartime, their courage, their resolution, and their faith in the future.

Each of you who see the film will be reminded of your own "Mrs. Miniver." She may be a Canadian mother, a wife in Australia, a relative in England. My "Mrs. Miniver" is my aunt in Glasgow, Mrs. Campbell Murray, my mother's only sister. She had her "Clem," James Campbell Murray, recently buried with full naval honors at Rangoon. A surgeon, he had served with distinction in the last war, and in 1939 he came out of retirement to be ship's doctor, serving in the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean. He fell ill of a fever and overwork on his ship packed with refugees and wounded; now he rests in Burma. I wish you could read his wife's letters—uncomplaining, inspiring in the noble simplicity of their expression.

I have cousins in the nursing service and in the British Navy. I take pride in them, although I do not write of them boastfully, nor to point them out as an extraordinary family. For I know they are just an average British family, suffering and sacrificing no more and no less than others. They are the ordinary everyday people of the Empire, the men, women and children whose reward shall be a peace won for all mankind. It is of them that "Mrs. Miniver" speaks in eloquent tribute.

Greer Garson



Above: The Miniver family in their air-raid shelter. Greer Garson, whose beautiful message for Chatelaine readers appears herewith, plays the title role: Walter Pidgeon is "Clem," her husband. Right: The air force son and his bride, played by Richard Ney and Teresa Wright in M-G-M's picture.

We Haven't got Forever



By GLADYS TABER

KATHLEEN WAS waiting on the porch steps for him. She had a new dress on, black wool with a slim short skirt and a softly rolled collar. The sun was shining, and her hair looked bright as polished copper. Light always seemed to set it afire and to make her eyes more dark an amber. She had on too much make-up, as usual; her mouth was deep with a new vermillion shade and her long hazel lashes were heavy with mascara. The delicate curve of her eyelids was smudged with violet eye shadow.

She was dressed up, in short, and she looked and smelled like heaven to Roger as he jumped three steps and reached her.

"Hi, Gardenia," he said.

"It's not. It's Black Magic. Like it?"

"Yeah, sure." He let his long legs dangle down the step rail. "For a smell, though, give me onions. Good old onions. There's a real smell."

"You're hungry again!"

He grinned. "They tell me I'll gain weight in the Army. On beans, probably."

"I don't think the Army moves on beans any more," she said thoughtfully. "I think they eat eels, to make the boys speedy."

"Hey, have a heart! You want me to resign my commission?"

"What commission?"

"Haven't you heard, my gal? I'm just going in to inspect conditions disguised as a private. Actually, in the last reel, I turn out to be the major."

"Okay, soldier," she said, "and I'm the beautiful spy. But I fall for you and give up all and then—" She looked away.

Roger took her hand and seemed to have difficulty swallowing something in his throat. "So you—fall for me, eh?"

She didn't say anything. Her other hand was hidden in a fold of the black wool, the fingers biting folds up tight.

"Well, uh—let's limp along," he said. "I promised mother I'd bring you for tea."

Kathleen retrieved the hand he had held, and

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK REAY



*odd coats and
Trousers are
in style again!*

● Canada has a new fighting force on the Home front. It's the "Thrift Column". You ought to join it.

Regardless of your age, sex or physical condition you can be a "Thrift Columnist". If you've ever said "What can I do to help win this war?"... this is it.

Live simply, thriftily. Don't spend a dime on things you don't need or can do without. *If you want Victory put every cent you can save into War Savings Stamps.*

One way you can save is on clothes. If you're a woman, restyle last year's hat and last year's dresses. Make over children's clothes. If you're a man... look in your clothes closet. *Odd coats and trousers are in style again.* Your tailor can make you a Victory Suit, in the latest style, by trimming worn cuffs and turning collars on suits you may have discarded. Your wife can make you Victory shirts by turning worn collars and cuffs.

New materials and labour are needed for uniforms... new dollars are needed to buy them. Put every dollar you can... and more... into War Savings Certificates. You'll get \$5 back for every \$4 you invest... Canada's "Thrift Column" can help in a big way to win this war.

Buy War Savings Stamps from banks, post offices, druggists, grocers, telephone offices, and other retail stores.



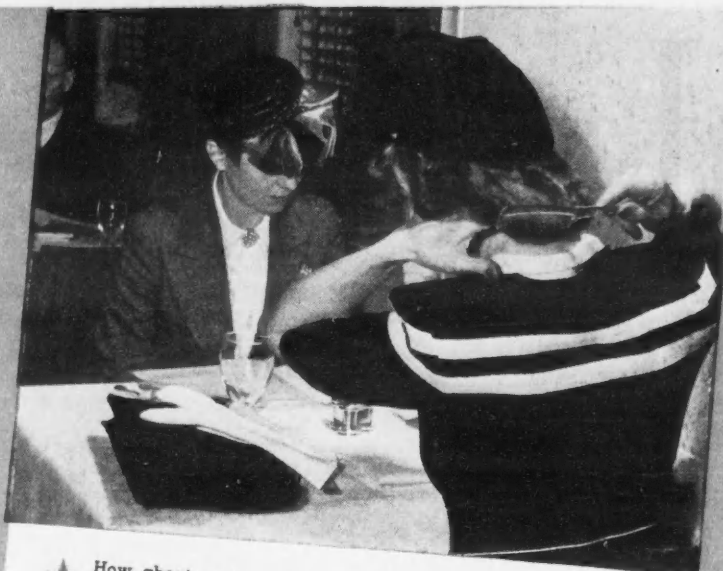
Take care of your shoes. Dry them carefully if they have been wet. Keep the surface polished and have minor repairs made early.



Get your tailor to make you a Victory Suit... by turning the worn collar and trimming the cuffs from the suit you may have discarded. (A Victory Suit is your uniform for the home front. Over 400,000 Canadians are wearing battle dress.) Invest the cost of a new suit in more War Savings Certificates.

BE A *Thrift* COLUMNIST

**KEEP BUYING
WAR SAVINGS
STAMPS**



★ How about a nice cool lunch of jellied consommé and salad? Fine, Mrs. Muddlesome, but do you mind leaving that comb in your purse? Fussing with hair-dos at a restaurant table makes strong men turn pale and dyspeptic.



★ Mrs. Muddlesome gets a lot of innocent pleasure out of a good movie, but the unfortunate person behind her generally gets a crick in the neck. She could win friends and influence people by removing her hat as soon as she sits down.

★ "Send it!" Mrs. Muddlesome orders imperiously when she buys a pair of stockings for \$1.10. She could help to save tires and gas by tucking the parcel in her bag.



★ Sometimes she goes all-out in her willingness to carry parcels. But she lingers in the shops till five o'clock and then wonders why the streetcars are crowded. And she can always count on a lot of public interest when she hands the conductor a ten-dollar bill for car tickets.



★ "It's a very nice luncheon cloth, but when I got it home I found I really didn't need it. I know you'll understand." Yes, but what you should understand, Mrs. M., is that seven store departments and at least six persons are involved in the return of one item. Why don't you plan your shopping?

inspected it. "Maybe this polish is a little noisy," she murmured. "But I thought—do I look all right, Roger?"

"You look like a prairie fire," he told her.

"I got this dress on purpose."

THEY WALKED down to his car. Linden Street wasn't a very pretty street, rows of small houses exactly like the pictures on Graef's Lumber Company catalogue. Porches and massive pillars that were really made of thin plywood, steps that led down to narrow walks between either salvia or barberry. The more imposing houses had ugly dormers peering from the composition roofs. Kathleen lived in a house without dormers.

Kathleen's folks, the Morrisons, belonged to the twenty-four-hundred. Papa was nightwatchman at the Northern Paper Mills. Two older girls worked in the Medical Arts Building as receptionists. Kathleen, the baby, had a year at business school after High, and was doing better than any of them as a secretary in Barnett and Barnett's law office.

Roger's family, the Barnetts, definitely were four hundred, except in a town of twenty thousand like Riverport, there were only two hundred and forty of them, counting the newer members of the country club.

Mrs. Barnett didn't count them. Her grandfather had founded the little local college, owned most of the biggest paper mill, and given half the largest church, the front half.

Riverport had nearly been called Barnett.

Naturally Kathleen had a new dress to go to tea at the big mustard brick mansion, a conservative dress, she hoped.

As Roger swung the big convertible away from Linden Street and over the railroad tracks, Kathleen sighed, and straightened the hem in her stocking. Her high-heeled pumps were new, too, toeless, and her toes had polish on them and showed through a little.

"After tea," Roger said, "we'll run out to the Red Mill and get something good. But you know how it is the last day—and I want you and mother to be good friends from now on. Guess why?"

Kathleen reinforced her lipstick. "You want me to keep her from brooding?" She spoke lightly. "She'd never miss her only son if I stuck around?"

"Well, look"—he turned down the avenue, swooping past the gracious Victorian houses, past the city park, up the hill—"I kind of thought"—he grinned—"anybody would love you that knew you."

Kathleen's hand just touched his knee. "Anybody?" Her voice was breathless.

"Yep. Anybody. Here we are. Hop out, Black Magic."

"They didn't even get up the walk before the butler let them in. Kathleen had only seen butlers in the movies, but this one looked even sterner. She moved a shade closer to Roger.

Roger drew her in. Everything looked as if it had been there where it was for always. Lots of crystal chandeliers and gilt furniture and subdued rugs, and the linenfold panelling in the drawing-room had come from a castle somewhere that Grandpa took a liking to.

The queer thing was Roger, in his old sweater and baggy tweed pants, was

just right there. His sandy hair was mussed, and his hands were not very clean—he'd been fooling with his old boat or something. But you knew he belonged all right.

"Hi, Mrs. Barnett!" he yelled. "Tea for three coming up?"

Kathleen sat down on a fine chair, stood up, and sat down again, then stood up as Roger's mother came in.

Mrs. Barnett came in from the library and said pleasantly, "How do you do, Miss Morrison, it's nice to see you again. Won't you sit down? The sofa is more comfortable."

"Thank you," said Kathleen huskily. She gave a lost look at Roger, and he sat right down beside her, nice and close.

A big wall mirror from some other castle reflected them all. Mrs. Barnett over a heavy silver tea service. She had a narrow aristocratic face and white delicate hands with no nail polish on the immaculate nails. Her hair was dark and smooth, with just two feathers of silver at the brow. She wore a soft plain grey dress and a strand of heirloom pearls.

Roger looked like a casual amiable puppy, sprawled beside Kathleen in his disreputable old clothes.

But the whole shadowy room was lit by the young beauty of Kathleen. Cheap and garish and fresh and bright.

"And do you enjoy your position, Miss Morrison?"

"Yes. I don't mind working. I mean—of course, if I could have gone to college—"

"Truffles," Roger snapped up a sandwich. "Tripe and truffles. Look at some of what does get to college."

Kathleen sipped her tea. Lipstick marked the edge of porcelain. The tea burned her. She put the cup down awkwardly. She had nothing to say. Mrs. Barnett had too much to say. Roger fidgeted. The atmosphere could have been sliced like cheese.

"I'll change my shirt," Roger said finally, "if you'll excuse me. Kathleen and I are going places." He left them alone.

KATHLEEN SWALLOWED and nearly choked.

Mrs. Barnett leaned forward. "Miss Morrison, I'm glad to speak with you privately a few moments." Her voice was soft and pleasant. "Now that this situation has arisen—" She sighed, "I had hoped Roger wouldn't enlist. But he was—so stubborn." She went on, "I know you will understand—will realize—that it is utterly impossible for him to form any kind of—of tie—at this time."

"Oh," said Kathleen. "I would feel that I had to do anything I could to prevent his making an unfortunate decision of any kind at this time."

She held a scrap of handkerchief to her mouth a moment, and then her voice rose. "Oh I don't want to be unkind," she said. "You see, you are so young, and Roger has such a different background—and—"

"And you don't like me," said Kathleen in a low voice.

"After he gets out of the Army and you are older and Roger has taken his position in the firm, he may be able to take care of a wife—even if I am not perfectly suited. But now—you see just now the way it is—"

Kathleen stood up. "Yes, I see." Roger swung in, hair brushed and a

✦ Continued on page 22



No doubt it's the message of the year, but few in the audience will get the real import of Madam President's words because she's giving them too much to look at. Platform overdressing is in bad taste in wartime, or any time!

Someone Ought To Tell Her!

MEET Mrs. Muddlesome. Or perhaps you need no further introduction, having met her at the club or local garden party, or banged into her when she refused to make way for you on the elevator, or rubbed shoulders with her in a crowded streetcar. Fact, it's hard to imagine anyone not knowing her, because she lives in practically every community, and she always makes her presence felt.

Here on these pages you see a few episodes from the Life and Times of Mrs. Muddlesome—dramatized with understanding and skill by the well-known Toronto actress, Jane Mallett. ✦



Lipstick on her friend's best tea napkin, and cigarette ashes in the cup. Not quite fair, Mrs. Muddlesome! You deplore such habits in your own home, don't you?

By Kalman Phillips

there's a bomb cleverly concealed among those flowers."

Homer's eyes flickered. "Bomb?"

"Sub-machine gun, then. No? Then give them here." She held out her arms for the flowers and buried her nose in their fragrance. "Mmm. Delicious. You were sweet to bring them, Homer." She lifted her head. "Daddy!"

A tall spectacled man carrying a book appeared in the doorway. "What now?"

"This is Homer Wallace, the young man I told you about who knocked me down. He brought me these flowers. Aren't they lovely?"

"Adequate." The professor nodded. "Speaking as a botanist, flowers are wonderful things. Their judicious use as a softener of the female heart has saved many a home from breaking up and many a man from a damage suit. But I suppose you'd prefer a vase to philosophy at the moment." His eyes focused on Homer. They flickered. "Wallace, is it? Aren't you in my Botany 3 class?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't see you today. I don't like to charge you with cuts this early in the semester, but I'm afraid I'll have to."

"But I couldn't make it, sir," Homer protested. "That was when I ran into your daughter."

The professor shook his head. "If you consider your near-slaughter of my only child a valid excuse, you're mistaken, my boy. I am being fair. You take your cut, and I'll pay the doctor's bill." He smiled. "And now I suppose you young people would like to be alone. For your information, I am going for a stroll and will be back in not under two hours." He chuckled as he went out.

His daughter's eyes followed him. "Subtle, isn't he? I don't know what he thinks of the younger generation, but it's not quite as young as his mind."

Homer shifted from one foot to the other. "I—I hope your ankle is all right."

"Not too bad. I have to stay off it for a couple of weeks. It'll probably be sort of a lonely vigil. I don't know anyone here yet."

Homer cleared his throat. He took the plunge. "Well, when you're not busy, I'd like to fill in some of the gaps."

"Thank you, Homer. It's all gap." She chuckled delightedly. "I confess that I was fishing for some such offer. How are you at backgammon and checkers?"

"No good at all."

"Wonderful! Then we can discuss life. And don't just stand there hovering. Snuggle up a chair. Do you smoke?"

"Only a pipe."

"Daddy has some tobacco on the mantel. Good stuff, I understand. You can fill your pouch whenever he isn't looking. And now let's start on the story of your life. You were born, I + Continued on page 35

Illustrated by Jim McCarthy

As they entered the main room, the dancing stopped and all eyes focused on them. Homer, watching the jaws of his dumfounded fraternity brothers drop all around the room, permitted himself a grim smile.

McCarthy



Homer Dates a Goon

WHEN, ON dashing breathlessly out of the college library late for a botany class, one charges directly into a tweed-skirted segment of the student body and deposits said segment in a sprawling position on the campus, the procedure to be followed is not fixed. The ascendant school of thought holds that it is proper to help the girl to her feet, apologize hastily and be on one's way. This, however, may be varied in situations where the girl is a lovely thick-lashed creature with clear green-brown eyes and a mane of tawny hair . . . inasmuch as some things are more important than botany. Place a glib-tongued Omega Delt in this situation and you can be confident that an acquaintanceship, so startlingly begun, will quickly ripen into something more.

The trouble was that Homer Wallace lacked certain qualities of the typical Omega Delt. That he was in that charmed fraternity at all—in the glittering midst of its football stars and campus personalities—was an accident of identity. Homer, as a freshman, had been pledged in the mistaken idea that he was Hank Wallace, the scintillating prep-school quarterback, and, because of fraternity competition, had been rushed quickly into membership before the pledge committee discovered their mistake. Their evident disappointment in acquiring instead a physiology major who intended to go on into medicine and seemed to actually enjoy studying, had given Homer an oppressive sense of inferiority in his sophomore year which now, in his junior, showed signs of developing into a definite complex.

SO IT was that Homer observed the startled young creature on the grass with no delightful sense of anticipation. Despite the fact that his heart had turned over at the first good look he'd had at her, he realized gloomily that she was not for him. Bill Byers, captain of the football team and track star, would, by this time, be escorting her gallantly to her next class. Whitey Marshall, swimmer extraordinary, would have known her name and had her dated up for the week-end dance at the fraternity house. But to Homer Wallace, all she could be was a ship that passed in the night.

This ship seemed anchored, however. She was looking up at him, her hair tumbled over one eye. "Ghengis Khan rides again," she commented.

Homer fumbled apologies. "I—I was late for a botany class."

She cocked an eyebrow. "And is planting girls en route some of your field work? Perhaps I'm not adjusted to the curriculum here yet. I'm new, you see."

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss—uh—?"

"Kittering's the name, if you list your victims. Patience Kittering."

"That's funny."

She glared. "If it's the 'Patience' you're referring to, I'm beginning to lose it. Not only knocked down,



Her lips twisted suddenly as she moved. "Oh—oh! Ankle trouble. I'm afraid. Help me up, will you . . . or do you just bowl them over and let them lie?"

but insulted—and on my first day here. Disillusioning, to say the least."

"I didn't mean your name." Homer scrambled for a foothold. "It was the coincidence. I was on my way to Professor Kittering's class when I ran into you." He looked at her hopefully. "You know, Kittering—Kittering?"

"You ought to do something for that stutter. Professor Kittering is my father." Her lip twisted suddenly as she moved. "Oh—oh. Ankle trouble, I'm afraid. Help me up, will you . . . or do you just bowl them over and let them lie?"

Homer lifted. She winced. Her ankle buckled, and she collapsed against him. Her lips were tight. "Definitely not good. Looks like I need a bit of ferry service. You carry, I'll give directions."

And there Homer was, closer to a dream than he'd ever been before. He bore his lovely cargo to Professor Kittering's cottage and waited until a doctor was called. He left then, but his thoughts in the ensuing physiology session had little to do with neurons and synapses. He didn't seem to be all there.

That queer feeling in the pit of his stomach stayed with him through dinner that night at the fraternity house. Homer had an uneasy premonition that it wouldn't go away until he'd seen Patience Kittering again and convinced himself that she wasn't nearly so nice as the picture in his mind seemed to indicate. He should pay her a visit, anyhow, to see how her ankle was getting along. The only trouble was that Homer didn't know exactly how to go about it. What would he talk about when he got over there? Would he be able to talk at all? Somehow the proximity of a pretty girl had always seemed to have a deleterious effect on the co-ordination between Homer's brain and his vocal chords.

Homer looked around him. The Omega Deltas had a reputation for being smooth. Chatty and debonair the lot of them, with one exception—

Homer. He couldn't picture Whitey Marshall, next to him, as being at a loss in any situation. Homer leaned toward him. "Uh, Whitey, I was wondering if you'd give me a little advice."

Whitey's blond eyebrows lifted. "Glad to help you, my boy. Something on swimming?"

Homer shook his head. "It's about women. You see, I just met this girl, and I don't exactly know how—"

"Wait a minute!" Whitey waved to draw the attention of the rest of the room. "Listen to this, gang. Homer's got a girl! Tell us all about her, Homer."

Homer squirmed in his chair. "She's not my girl. As I told you, I only just met her. The trouble is that—"

"What's her name?" It was Bill Byers, from across the table.

Homer gulped. "Uh . . . Patience."

There was a roar of laughter. Whitey patted Homer on the shoulder. "Don't let them bother you. Why, I knew an Abigail once

who had the loveliest buckteeth, and her hair would have made any broom envious. You want advice on how to handle her, do you, my boy? Well, the only suggestion I can make is to have her remove her spectacles before kissing. They're apt to inflict nasty flesh wounds."

"Thanks." Homer stood up. "I should have known better than to expect you lame-brains to take anything seriously." He stalked out, gritting his teeth against the wave of laughter which followed him. One glimpse of Patience would have choked off laughter in mid-spasm, he knew, but that didn't do Homer any good. He still hadn't any idea what he would say if he went over there. Homer's jaw clenched. He didn't care if he did make a fool of himself. All that could happen to him if he were thrown out was to bounce a few times.

THE ROUND-FACED maid opened the door at his ring. Homer shifted the flowers to his left hand and removed his hat. "May I see Miss Patience Kittering?" he asked.

The maid's face beamed. "You certainly may, sir. My, aren't those flowers pretty! She's in the living room." The maid beamed at him again and moved off in the direction of the kitchen.

Homer, somewhat surprised that one didn't have to be announced to girls like Patience, gripped the flowers tightly and went in.

She was swathed in a voluminous blue flannel robe and ensconced in an easy chair, her heavily bandaged foot propped up on an ottoman before her. Her coppery hair was brushed back from the clear forehead and fell loosely to her shoulders, and her eyes gleamed in the flickering light from the fireplace. Homer swallowed. He realized suddenly that a girl couldn't do herself justice in a sprawled position on the campus. She was beautiful!

She smiled at him. "Aha! Attila the Hun come to finish off his grisly work, no doubt. I take it that

Bright New Faces

Thousands of girls fresh from school and distant homes are helping to run our nation's urgent wartime business

WELL! THERE'S one more female in Ottawa. Yours truly has joined the thundering herd that rushes up and down Wellington Street four times a day, overflowing the sidewalks, causing traffic snarls and a dozen other problems for the taxpayers of this once-slumbering city.

To the shopkeepers we are pennies from heaven, to the restaurant owners and rooming houses we are a golden harvest, and to everyone else we are a pain in the neck.

The older, the "established" civil servants look down their noses at us, but we don't mind. We, the strangers from Toronto and Pictou and Pincher Creek, go our happy way, laughing at each other, trying to do our job, but often homesick, scared and weary all at the same time.

When you arrive in Ottawa, your first concern is to get a room. You bow and scrape to the frowziest landlady, but if she doesn't like your looks she slams the door in your face.

A lot of them didn't like mine (I don't either) so I had quite a few doors shut in my astonished face, the first three days of my sojourn in Canada's capital. When I was almost ready to drop in my tracks, a lovely woman from Regina (God bless those prairie folk!) actually smiled at me and took me in—trunk, typewriter, radio and all.

LET ME say here that the Y.W.C.A. has done and is doing a magnificent job of finding homes for the girls. They have gone at it in a big way, and out of the confusion and turmoil and utter unpreparedness has come a new department to handle this alone. Women are appointed to go out and inspect the houses and rooms before any girl applying to the Y.W.C.A. is allowed to go into them. Appeals have been made from the pulpits of many Ottawa churches for rooms for new-

comers, and scores of good people have opened their doors as a result.

Yet there isn't the shadow of a doubt that hundreds of girls have been shamelessly exploited and cheated by greedy landladies. They knew the girls were green, and desperate to get settled, somewhere, in order to get on with their work. In some rooming houses any number from two to eight and ten persons have been herded in rooms intended for one or two.

Sometimes the profiteers attempt a "patriotic" angle. At one place I called, the woman wanted me to share a dingy bed with a greasy-looking girl, and when I politely declined, she snorted, "Well, you can't be much of a Christian or you'd be glad to do anything to help the war effort. Or perhaps you want Hitler to win!"

In many cases, of course, the girls themselves are partly to blame for the crowded conditions. They are glad to double up and save on rent, because it leaves them more margin for stockings and finger waves and perhaps a little something to send home to Mother and Dad.

AND NOW Ottawa is bulging at the seams—bulging with girls from all parts of this country, from beyond the Rockies and from the Maritime villages—girls scared of their bosses, afraid of their landladies, girls who would trade their fondest career ambitions some rainy night for the sight of their mothers, or a glimpse of Dad's bald head above a newspaper.

It's said there are seven girls to every man in the city. One girl ruefully remarked to me, "Gee, I'll never get married here—the competition is terrific, and I can't even get a date. I think I'll go back to Calgary!"

We work hard. If you think a civil service job is easy, just take a look at a few of the

words hurled at me and my shorthand notebook in my first bewildered week:

"birtchers ... tonometer ... schioetx ... trephinas ... corneal ... carbogen ... transformers ... voltage."

I used to think that all the men in government jobs got them through politics or their wife's relations, but now I know different. Take my boss, for example. Carries more in his head than most men ever dreamed of. Taking dictation from him is like getting your breath after you think you're drowned. He knows all the answers to a hundred questions—knows where supplies are to be found where he can put his finger on a thousand army trucks, where rubber and aluminum and X-ray machines are available, where crutches and dental supplies are stored.

Unless you worked with men like this, and followed their pace ten to twelve hours each day, it would be hard to believe. I happen to know, and many's the time I've been almost ready to call the whole thing off and take the next train home, out of sheer exhaustion and nervous strain.

BUT THERE is an excitement, a feeling of achievement today and bigger things tomorrow, that keeps you going—in spite of the drawbacks of poor living accommodation, the lunch-hour jam, the long arduous working day. You feel that you are at the heart of things, at the red core of all that is truly Canada. Some day, when the war is over, we'll go home, thousands of us—messenger girls, stenographers, filing clerks—and we'll have our individual stories to tell of Ottawa in wartime.

Meantime we'll plug along. The shopkeepers, the restaurant owners and rooming-house ladies love us dearly. But to everyone else, we're still a pain in the neck. ♦

By Edna Jaques

Photographs by Malah



"Show your passes, please!" A necessary formality at the Department of Munitions and Supply where these girls work.

Time out for lunch in the office—familiar noon-hour scene in every government department. Rita Cross, at right, was stand-in for Brenda Marshall during filming of "Captains of the Clouds."



In Ottawa: *there's a Host of*



Youth and good looks are assets, though you don't get any marks for them on the civil service examinations. Gwen Wynne, left, comes from Calgary, and she's typical of many of the bright youngsters swarming over Ottawa these days. She's 17; works at Munitions and Supply; lives with a lot of other girls in a jam-packed boardinghouse. Gwen is buying her ticket to the civil servants' club dance—and hoping there'll be some nice naval cadets for partners.



Dictation over the phone—one of the time-savers government departments have had to resort to, in order to get the nation's wartime business done. These four girls work in the stenographic pool of Munitions and Supply. At 5.05 p.m. they'll join the home-going crowd shown above.



Every night there's a run on the boardinghouse bathroom for a spot of laundry work. Some landladies don't mind, others do, but a girl HAS to have fresh stockings and nice clean undies. June and Verna, left, share a small room; they have a good gossip in the bathroom while one hangs up the washing and the other combs her hair.



Rita O'Reilly is a Bachelor of Arts from Toronto. In Ottawa she's learning about life away from home.

Three in a room: two sisters who have first rights on the bed, and a newcomer who counts herself lucky to find friends — and a couch to sleep on.

Helen Villeneuve of the Dominion Government exchange "2-8211" searches the records for an obscure Miss Zilch when an old friend from Zilchville breezes into town.



To put it plainly, Molly McGarry had no stomach for the sea, but she was willing to brave all for love—and Kirby. No wonder she was surprised, when the storm broke, to find herself blown straight into the other man's arms!

By MARGARET SANGSTER

MOLLY MCGARRY liked George from her first day at the agency office—it was her first job, too, even though she was crowding twenty. George was not only good-looking, he had a solid dependability—he was the sort of chap (any girl could sense it, just glancing at him) who'd never fail to bring home his practically unopened pay envelope. He was the sort who'd make a hit with a girl's mother by fixing the cord on the electric iron and stopping that drip in the kitchen faucet. Molly knew that George was worth cultivating when he walked past her desk on his way to the water cooler. And when he stopped at her desk on the way back from the water cooler and said, "Welcome to our city!" she thanked him mentally, as well as with a smile.

They had lunch the second day at a neighborhood place, and Molly found herself telling George that she didn't expect to be a stenographer all her life. That, indeed, she intended to be a copywriter before the year was up. George, in turn, told Molly about his hopes and ambitions—"I'll be an account executive in jig time"—and about his practically blameless past, including a brief broken engagement. He also told her, rather nostalgically, about his four years in college—high-lighted by the exploits, athletic and otherwise, of his roommate, a fabulous person called Kirby something or other, who was the pattern of everything a college man should be. Molly said of Kirby, "He must be very amusing," and let the matter rest. College athletes were off her beat.

At the end of the week George dropped around at Molly's house and met the family. It was quite a large family—a mother and father, three brothers and a kid sister who was still small enough to fall down and skin her knees. The family liked George—the boys smoked his cigarettes with no feeling of reticence, and the kid sister accepted the silk handkerchief that he wore in his breast pocket and tied it around her head babushka fashion. And before the evening was over he did fix a faucet, but it was in the bathroom, not the kitchen.

At the end of the second week George had dined with Molly's family—only they called it eating supper. The McGarrys were an informal lot, and they took George to their composite heart. By the end of the second week they'd completely forgotten his last name, which was Clarke. By the end of the third week Molly didn't even blush when her kid sister accused her of "going steady." She was enjoying her new beau, for George danced fairly well and had a nice taste in theatre tickets and was aware of the best eating places. And when he bought a corsage for Molly, he didn't purchase gardenias with a green bow tied to the stems—he found queer grey-blue posies that matched her eyes. There were moments when Molly realized how pleasant it would be, living with George in a four-room apartment—a garden apartment, preferably—with concealed lighting and none of the furniture on the installment plan.

MOLLY WAS a product of the city. She was born and raised—as Father McGarry explained to George—in a back alley. George said he was glad of that because he was city bred himself and couldn't tell the birds from the flowers. He confided to Molly, "This girl I was engaged to was the outdoor type—that's why she didn't go for me, permanently. She plays tennis and golf, and she skates—she's a champion speed skater; she has a medal. And how she can sail a boat!" He broke off short. "It was on Kirby's boat that I met her . . . Yeah, Kirby has a boat."

"Kirby?" echoed Molly, her brows knit. "Oh, of course. That roommate you had in college."

"We met yesterday," said George, "and I told him all about you. His boat's in the water now—he just got it fixed up, last Saturday. He's going to ask you down some Sunday. We can start at dawn and get back late—"

"Dawn—late?" frowned Molly. "A whole Sunday?"

"It'll be quite all right," George assured her, misunderstanding. "This other girl goes too—we're still good friends. And there are a couple of fellows from Kirby's office—and sometimes they bring their girls along—and then there's me and—" He broke off. "What's the matter, Molly? What's biting you?" he asked. For Molly was shaking her head violently.

"Boats," she told George, "are out. I can get seasick in a canoe. I can get seasick when I watch a boat in a newsreel."

"Oh, well," said George. He added, "I never could understand why folks used to go to Bermuda for a honeymoon," and his voice shook slightly over the word "honeymoon." "Of course, I like sailing, myself, in a mild way, but I'll never learn the difference between the jib and the staysail."

"Now, look," said Molly, "if you're used to spending Sundays on this Kirby's boat, don't consider me."

"Last summer," George told her, "I spent every Sunday on the boat, but this summer I'm apt to be—ch, busier."

That's how they let it stand, but it didn't stand long enough to jell. For it was only two nights later when Molly—doing a fairly mean rumba in a semi-Spanish night club—stared across George's shoulder into the eyes of an approaching young man and whispered beneath her breath, "God's gift to women!" The whisper changed to a gulp when the young man touched George's shoulder and said, "You old so-and-so! You didn't tell me she was this good."

Before she knew it Molly was in the young man's arms. Her nose rubbed up and down on the top button of his vest—he was as tall as that. And as they danced, the rumba rhythm became something more than rhythm, it was made out of moonlight and magic, and the beat of the gourd was an echo of Molly's own pulse beats.

BEFORE THE dance was over Molly McGarry knew that she was harpooned—that she was foundering. Kirby something-or-other knew it too, for his hand on Molly's waist was unsteady, even though his steps weren't. They didn't talk during the dance, they didn't talk much when they were back at the table where George was waiting for them with ill-concealed pride. Molly and Kirby, his two ideals, meeting at last. He might have been the parent of identical twins.

"I knew you two would like each other," he chortled.

"We do," admitted Kirby. He turned to Molly. "My last name," he said, "is Boyd."

"I have your complete dossier in my mind," said Molly. "George does nothing but talk about you, George"—she turned to her escort—"I'm awfully tired. I wonder if you'll take me home?"

George was faintly astonished. "You and Kirby didn't look tired," he said, "when you were cavorting around the floor." But Molly rose, gathering up her purse and compact, to keep her voice even and unconcerned. "It's been nice knowing you, Mr.—Boyd," she said, and left the room hastily, followed by a bewildered George.

The waiter caught up with them when they were almost at the door, and George settled with him while Molly feverishly powdered her nose. It was

only when they were in a taxi, on the way to the McGarry apartment, that George voiced his bewilderment.

"Then you didn't like Kirby," he said.

"No," agreed Molly, "I guess I didn't like him. At least—not exactly." Oddly enough it was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Like is such a lukewarm word.

ALL THROUGH a cool charming May, all through half of a dreamswept June, Molly turned down invitations, anxiously conveyed by George, to visit the boat which was moored somewhere off the nearby beach. It wasn't only her fear of seasickness, it was her fear of something else that she couldn't quite define.

"There's nothing personal in it," she told George. "It's just that I—don't—like—boats. No, I didn't mean what I said about Kirby that first night. I can understand why you're so crazy about him—he's very attractive. I—I was just tired that night—out of sorts."

All through May and half of June, and then one night when she was leaving the office building, Molly ran smack into Kirby Boyd who was entering the place. The impact of the meeting was terrific in more ways than one. She clutched at his coat to steady herself and heard his voice saying, "But, Miss McGarry, where's the fire?"

Molly tried to say something smart and sophisticated—to phrase some wisecrack that would be nonchalant and noncommittal—but instead she felt color starting in the deep V of her blouse and working up. "There's no fire," she gulped. "I'm on my way home."

"I was going to meet old George," Kirby told her, "but I see no reason why we shouldn't while away a few minutes with a sody and a couple of straws." He cradled her elbow in the palm of his hand and then they were walking down the street together and the rhythm of walking together was almost the same as the rhythm of dancing. And then they were in a dim little tearoom and Kirby was saying, "Why have you been trying to avoid me? You must realize that certain things are inevitable." And then they were both talking—talking so fast that their words came tumbling one over the other.

When Molly finally drifted out of the place she was dazed and shaken by a new emotion. Street lights were blossoming up and down the avenue and a clock somewhere was striking nine, and Molly knew that she'd have a mean time when she explained to her mother about missing supper, with never a phone call of explanation. She wondered vaguely whether George was still waiting for his ex-roommate, and she wondered—but not vaguely—whether she should buy sharkskin or flannel slacks to wear on the boat next Sunday. Kirby had told her exactly what it would mean to him, having her on the boat. "That boat has always been my first love—until now," he had told her.

THE NEXT Sunday was long in coming. Kirby sent Molly flowers three times—they were invariably gardenias tied with a green ribbon, and she loved them because they were. He phoned her every morning early, to say hello, and he called her late every night to give her a few tips on the sort of things she should dream about. But they didn't see each other until that fateful morning when, rather shy and frightened, and dressed in a new sheer print, she walked along the dock with George toward the place where a rowboat bobbed up and down upon water that was alarmingly active. George called the rowboat a dinghy—and it looked like one. The larger boat with masts that he pointed out, across miles of the same water—it must have been miles—looked as impressive as a liner, but George told her it only slept six.

There was a nice nondescript boy with tow hair and an engaging grin waiting for them in the boat. He said, "Hi, George," and made a sudden swoop for the big hat that a playful gust of wind had swept from Molly's head. He missed it by a foot, and it went kiting off into the unpleasant water. The boy said, "Hurry up—get in and we'll catch it," but Molly—seeing herself careening over waves at a mad tempo—murmured, "Oh, + Continued on page 18

Glamour Wears Thin



Kirby shouted, "It's wonderful to see you, darling—" and kissed her. In front of the boy Stefan, who was grinning—in front of George, who was not.

Illustrated by MARTIN BURNISTON

of the Year

She Knows It's New To—Wear last year's sweaters and skirts this year with blouses or lots of crisp collars and cuffs under the sweaters. Get simple plain-knit, plain-colored sweaters, neither too short nor too loose. Wear bracelet sleeves—they're still tops.

Get one of the new finger-tip-length reversible rain and sport coats for campus wear.

Get a good tweed or reefer coat or a sport fur one (inexpensive).

Wear net or velveteen, often combined, in feminine but not fussy evening clothes.

Get smaller softer checks, if she's due for a new suit this year.

Knit her own cable-stitch jerkins with V necks.

Wear her shell-rimmed glasses if she needs them all

Wear her service pin or frat pin on her sleeve as a new idea.

Have lots of bright-colored scarves to tuck into the neckline of sweaters or two-piece suits that fasten up. (Try digging them out of old drawers or trunks of the family.)

Wear little-boy shoes.

Have full or pleated skirts (but not so full or deep as of yore).



She chooses for her first date—

For Her First Date—She wants to look natural. Meticulously and spotlessly clean and groomed, but not so fussed up that you'd think she'd never been out with a MAN before.

She passes up the idea of wearing the same sweater and skirt he's seen her in at class (or she's seen herself in in class), and gets herself into a good little wool or wool and rayon mixture date dress with a matching calot, and maybe pumps instead of low-heeled shoes.

Hair as shining as his own brass buttons and just no hat at all. (She might wear simple earrings or a bracelet.)

Gloves are a nice idea—spotless washables, and a matching bag rather than diving into pockets for lipsticks and such the way she does at school.



She wouldn't be caught dead in—

the time (they make her face young and feminine by contrast).

Get a frayed-edge scarf for a snood and a shawl for wear with her evening dress. (Run herself up a simple velveteen wrap for evening if she's a get-about.)

Wear her nail polish neutral or pale.

Wear a shoulder-length bob that is shining and free.

Turn her cardigan sweater back-to-front the way her big sister did seven or eight years ago.

Choose brown, or dark green, or some of the new natural undyed fabrics as this season's campus favorites.

Have a well-cut culotte if she's really going to ride her bike everywhere.

Have one of the new little breadman's ticket bags (that's what they look like) to fasten to her belt.

She's more than a smart co-ed about her clothes and beaux and studies — she's a right smart citizen too. Here, in brief is a bright gal's low-down on higher education

By CAROLYN DAMON



Illustrated by nancy caudle

She Wouldn't Be Caught Dead In—This, fair reader, is the list of taboos among the sisterhood. She's a marked woman if she violates it.

A skirt two inches too long (even though her mother said it was more ladylike) marks her as a country cousin (this from a dean of women!).

A skirt two inches too short marks her as—well, not having had all the advantages, you know?

Slacks on the campus may be comfortable, but they're not good form.

Dignity is a good word for clothes and behavior in any social contact with deans, professors and staff generally.

Expensive fur coats, elaborate upswept hair-dos, fancy beveled hats or fussy suits are decidedly uncollegiate.

Don't bring a frilly negligee to the frat house or residence.

College Woman



She's Discovering—That University is a way to life, rather than a way of life. That the campus is only part of a great world. And this discovery is making her *people* in a sense she's never been before. You see it in what she *does*, after classes. Goes to the canteen... the Red Cross... the church social for men in the services. You see it in what she *thinks about*, out of school.

The war... the world after... the college man stiffened into uniform... the boys she made mud pies with, who won't come back... the old truths as well as the new theories. You see it in what she *talks about*. The summer she spent working... her new courses in ARP, Social Service, Day Nursery Care.

Whether she'll join the services now or wait until she graduates. Whether to marry and stay at college or wear his wings and wait.

You see it in what she *wears*. Trim, inexpensive clothes that will carry over into careering. Date dresses that give her an air—but no airs. A party dress he'll never forget her in, whatever lies ahead.



She knows men dislike—



She knows she needs—

She Knows She Needs—To budget to the last sock and the last nickel.

To be dead certain there isn't one item in her wardrobe that doesn't fit her, and the campus she's going to, and the things she'll do.

To get good fabrics, good style, good colors, in good classics.

To get things that are fun to wear.

Pivot of the whole setup will be the *suit*. Tweed, or a wool mixture. Plaid or plain or checkered, and made on young easy lines.

Then there's the raft of soft, fresh-looking sweaters she knits herself, in between socks for soldiers and scarves and sweaters for the Navy and the Air Force.

Add an extra skirt or two, an odd jacket and a few shirtwaists and jerkins. And she's clothed for class.

Add her date and dress clothes, tailored pyjamas (if she's in residence), slacks for study, or a tailored housecoat or dressing gown, low-heeled shoes and a good sport coat.

And bring on your registration!

The college girl of the year is ready to step in and step out.

She Knows Men Dislike—The girl who's overdressed, or mousy, or too low-brow or too high.

They don't want her (their own girl, that is) to dress like a movie star or yet to suffer from a high-school hangover of cute or sloppy getups.

By actual survey, in Canadian universities, they've thumbs-downed:

That pigtail epidemic of last year (real or simulated ones).

Knee-length socks, except for hikes or hikes.

Sloppy shoes as well as fancied-up sandals on the campus.

High rubber boots. They like slip-on goloshes or brogue-sized rubbers rather than the lumberjack leglook.

Trucky or cluttered jewellery. Pearls, lockets, watches, frat pins and military insignia are still best with sweaters and tailored suits.

Fads like Sloppy Joe jackets with slogans written on them. They went out when Joe College disappeared off the campus and the young man of the C.O.T.C. took his place.

Cute ruffles and puffed sleeves on date or evening dresses.

Or droopy daisy pastels.

Or too bright clothes that have to be worn over and over. (They might even get a new girl rather than risk that magenta again.)

Wrinkled socks or crushed skirts. Or badly groomed hair. (Leave it to the trees to have that nest-of-robins look.)



Dad and Bill —
First Aid class won't wait—
so I'm off. Sorry you're late!
Here's supper ready for you
— sandwiches, salad and
cherry pie. Soup's hot and
there's plenty for second helpings.
Mother

Let 'em come when they come! —SUPPER'S READY!

Hectic days for Mother! It's hard to set a time for meals, for the menfolk's jobs come first and any day they're liable to be kept at it later than they expect. How to keep step with her own war work and yet "keep a good table", too—that's the worrisome problem. And that's where a hearty soup can help a lot!

A soup like this—bright and appetizing, sturdy and nourishing—settles dozens of 1942 busy-day meal questions. Here's a rugged deep-simmered beef stock, crammed with garden vegetables—golden corn, baby lima beans, red-ripe tomatoes, celery, carrots and many others, too. Small wonder women call this soup "almost a meal in itself!"

Soup-suppers and soup-lunches are right in line with the way people are living these busy days. Sound sensible nourishment is

more important now than ever. So it's a relief for Mother to know that she has just that kind of food always close at hand in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Comforting and reviving, easily digested and quickly satisfying—that's why more and more wartime meals are being built around Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Here are two, for example—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Jellied Veal Loaf
Tomato and Lettuce Salad Ice Cream
Cookies Milk

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Fresh Green Salad
Cucumber Sandwiches
Strawberries and Cream Iced Cocoa



We make soup
To set you free
To do your part
For Victory!



Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

...almost a meal in itself!

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

It's a Canny Business

By Marion Isabel Angus

FACT, IT'S almost uncanny, the way hundreds of girls have been quietly recruited from the western provinces and sent to take over urgent work in British Columbia's great fish-packing industry. This is one of those little-publicized wartime efforts which are helping to maintain our national economy on an even keel. In this case the girls are replacing Japanese and other labor now no longer available. And it will be due in large part to their good work, their youthful enthusiasm for a new job, that Britain will receive enormously increased shipments of Canadian canned salmon, pilchards, herrings, etc., this year and the next.

Placing of the girls is no hit-or-miss affair. There's a charming grey-haired, grey-eyed woman, Mrs. Charles R. Draney, who has shouldered the personnel work for the largest packing concern. She interviews all applicants, goes tactfully into background, education and other matters, then makes every effort to place them where they will be happy, comfortable and of the greatest use. She pays special attention to the girls' living quarters. No cold, bleak "dorms" for Mrs. Draney's girls! Two share a room; there are bright curtains at the windows and well-kept linoleum floors; showers near by. A supervisor, generally experienced in cannery work, superintends the group work and keeps a friendly eye on the girls' activities after hours.

HERE ARE the rules—quite uncomplicated but rigidly adhered to: (1) The cream and green work uniforms must be kept neat and clean. (2) Colored nail polish must not be used while on duty. (3) Rooms must be left tidy. (4) Girls must be in their quarters at 10 p.m., although late leave is granted on special occasions. (5) Girls must not go into men's bunks.

One day last spring I saw a group of fifteen girls leave Vancouver by steamer for a cannery up the coast. They were like a happy crowd of high school girls off on a picnic. "It's so beautiful up there," said one. "And

clean," added another. "And we make good money," put in a businesslike blonde.

Mrs. Draney believes that if a girl receives proper wages for turning in a good job of work, there is little danger of her getting out of hand. "And if she has pleasant and congenial surroundings, she will work better, and that is good business on our part."

But I thought it was more than just "good business" when I saw her give each of the cannery girls fifty cents for a malted milk and a sandwich on the trip north to the stamping-grounds of the pilchards. +



These girls hold one end of Britain's life line—they're off on a coastal steamer to a remote B.C. fish-packing centre, where they are replacing Japs and other labor.



One corner of the Family Lounge—and the author surrounded by the three services. A cheerful pleasant place, and a clearing-house for many individual wartime problems.

I'm a Y.W.C.A. Hostess

By Dorothy Garbutt

IN THE public mind I am visualized as a gracious soul, mothering the soldiers, darning their socks or sewing on their promotion stripes with a wistful pride. It's a pretty idea, but it entirely leaves out of the picture the very persons for whom our Y.W.C.A. War Services are required: the wives and children of the men in uniform.

This war is different. Our boys are not being shipped overseas so quickly. They are moved hither and yon across the Dominion. They get married and acquire families. Their wives follow them from pillar to post, very often living in appalling discomfort. These young people are snatching at whatever fragmentary happiness they can get; they are determined to be with each other as long as possible. To help them adjust their lives under such conditions is the purpose of this great chain of Y.W.C.A. War Services Hostess Houses.

In my own area, where we have the privilege of serving the Navy, Army and Air Force, the infinite variety of problems dealt with is both fascinating and

challenging. For instance, a service which gave the first authentic touch of human interest to my work was the morning ritual known as "Jerry's bath." Picture a recreation hall full of men playing ping-pong and billiards. Above their shouts comes a hearty infantile howl, then another. It is Jerry's bath hour. Off in the ladies' powder room he is undergoing his morning routine, and objecting strenuously. He and his mother had followed when Daddy's regiment moved here. The only accommodation they could find was an unfurnished office room—with no hot water available, and no heating facilities at the moment. So there was nothing for it but to fix them up with warm water at the "Y" and there every morning Master Jerry was made clean and beautiful.

THE MOST difficult problem to deal with is the wife who, left behind with the children to care for, suddenly gets fed up with it all, sells out or rents her home, and arrives, often without warning, and expects Father to

find rooms for them. The man naturally turns to us, for an important part of the "Y's" work is its Rooms Registry Service. There was the case of Pte. R.'s family. They arrived at the Hostess House on a cheerless rainy morning, and I found them having coffee and toast in the canteen: the mother, two children little more than babies, and the father off on a 48-hours leave. They wanted rooms, but nowhere could we find a place where children would be accepted. Finally we engaged a hotel room—where Mrs. R. kept an electric hot plate hidden in a bureau drawer (for fear of discovery by the management).

A Hostess thrives on emergencies. Once I had an SOS from one of the units for a complete Alice-Blue-Gown costume for a troops' concert; in no time at all the proprietor of a local dress shop showed his co-operative spirit. Then there was the unhappy mix-up when an impetuous girl suddenly arrived in town to marry her sailor lad, only to find him confined to barracks for three weeks because of too much prenuptial celebration! (Yes, after many tears she finally married him.)

But I like my job. I'm busy till 11.30 every night, for we keep open as late as the beer parlors, to offer a counterattraction. The men's wives use our rooms constantly and, in a town where there are few recreational centres, the phrase, "Meet me at the 'Y,'" is a daily catchword. They hold meetings here, have little parties and whist drives, and bring the youngsters along to play in the children's corner. When they express their gratitude, I tell them never to forget that Y.W.C.A. also stands for "You're Welcome—Come Again!" +

he act as if—as if—” He didn’t finish the sentence.

Molly almost dropped the platter she was scrubbing. By this time she felt as if it were Ellen’s property, and she was agonizingly glad when she managed to keep it. “Some things,” she said slowly, quoting Kirby, “are inevitable.”

“That’s what I thought about you and me,” said George.

Molly handed him the platter. “I’m sorry, George,” she said. “Kirby’s almost a stranger to me, and yet—”

“And yet,” muttered George, “he kissed you and called you darling.”

“It happened,” said Molly, trying to explain, “the first night we danced together at the Spanish place. I don’t quite know what it’s all about, but—”

“Skip it,” interposed George gruffly. “Let’s get these dishes out of the way as fast as possible.”

When they were back on deck, resting briefly after their meal, Kirby’s arm was around Molly. She tried to be unaware of George, who had moved close to Ellen but not close enough so their shoulders touched. Finally the blond boy, Stefan, produced a guitar from somewhere and drew curious discordant sounds from it, and they all sang, and the water was still, and Molly told herself that boats weren’t bad after all and that in time she might get over her terror of the water. Given enough of Kirby, and music and—well, call it glamour for want of a better name—she might make the grade.

Perhaps she was lulled into a sense of false security and contentment by the feel of an arm about her waist, by the sound of her own voice singing. Molly couldn’t have told when the sky started to turn grey and threatening, when the boat started to roll with the curious convulsive jerk between rolls. She was aware of the roll first and then the jerk caught her sharply in the middle, and she wondered if she could avoid being sick at her stomach until she reached the cubbyhole of a bathroom. Freeing herself from Kirby’s arm, starting to her feet, she met Ellen’s amused eyes.

“We’re going to have quite a wind today,” said Ellen. “I hope you can take it!”

Molly gritted her teeth together and then spoke her answer. “This sort of thing is so—so new,” she managed, “that I’m bewildered. Don’t worry about me. I can take it.”

“Sure?” mocked Ellen.

“Perfectly sure,” nodded Molly, and Ellen said, putting on the thumbscrews, “Maybe you didn’t eat enough lunch. Perhaps you’d feel better if you had a nice dish of—of ham and eggs.”

Ham and eggs! Molly started up again, with Kirby asking, “What’s the matter?” and George trying to ignore her plight. If the saints were on her side she’d make the bathroom in time! But when Ellen asked, “Do you want me to steady you? I assume you’re going below,” she said proudly, though weakly, “No, Ellen—I’m not going below.”

Some of Molly’s ancestors had been

heroes and some of them had been heroines. Men and women—they had done their stuff in skirmishes all over County Cork—and Molly, smallest twig on the family tree, did her stuff valiantly by staying put. When no one was looking, she applied lipstick and rouge to cover the livid quality of her skin, and when Kirby said, “We’d better get started. This is fine sailing weather, darling—you’ve brought us luck—” she was almost able to smile. But the wraith of a smile faded when Ellen murmured maliciously, “Last week we were becalmed—we never once left the harbor. Yes, Molly, you’ve brought us luck.”

It took ten minutes to get the sails up—ten eternities. Ellen tied a red bandanna over her coppery hair and took the wheel, while the three men rushed around untying knots, hoisting canvas and making impossible things fast to impossible places. George, trying to keep the pity from his tone, told Molly she’d better sit down in the cockpit, and then Kirby removed the wheel from Ellen’s hands, giving her the opportunity to stand like a figurehead

beside him with her arms outflung to the wind. They were a couple, Molly told herself, they matched. And yet Kirby cared for her—not Ellen. He’d told her so the day before and—oh, she must care for him, too, or she wouldn’t be able to stick it out. No one had ever been like Kirby, not even heroes in books or plays or motion pictures. There, at the wheel, eyes intent, he was—godlike.

George said sharply, cutting her reverie in shreds, “Hold fast, Molly!” And then like something out of this world the boat leaped forward, and Molly dragged her eyes from Kirby’s face and fixed them on a white church steeple high above the shore line. She watched the steeple recede, and when she could no longer see it she fixed her eyes on a cloud just above the place where the steeple had been, and watched it recede.

Sailing may be the poetry of motion to those who are bred of the sea, but to Molly McGarry, born and raised a stone’s throw from the centre of the city, dragged up—as her father had told George—“out of an alley,” sailing was a medley of nightmares. It was a mercy that nobody had much time for her; it was superb sailing weather and the three men were as busy as bird dogs. Ellen, to give credit where credit was due, did her share—except for her figure she was like one of the boys. Only when it was midafternoon did she leave the working group and go below, and then it was to make sandwiches and more coffee. Molly, stumbling after her, was allowed to spread butter on the bread. She felt the ship’s motion more in the cabin, and the oily look of the butter almost reduced her to a pulp. When Ellen told her she could carry the sandwiches up on deck, she nearly said, “I’m afraid I’ll drop them.” But she held her tongue and carried the sandwiches. She even nibbled at one and only turned a shade

+

THE PRUDENT

By JEAN PAUL TALBOT

+

One feels a faint contempt
For those who watch and ward,
Keeping themselves exempt
From tasks that seem too hard.

Who, handling ample flints,
Refuse to strike a spark;
Stint as a miser stints—
Then stumble in the dark.

1st choice by ladies of the land



Continued on page 21

"I see you're still putting on the RITZ!"



CHRISTIE'S RITZ is Canada's favorite for festive occasions. You can put crisp golden Ritz, fresh from the box, on any tray of appetizers. Or make a tangy sea-food appetizer . . . spread Ritz crackers with tartar sauce, then top with shrimps or sardines. There are so many tempting ways of serving Christie's Ritz! . . . with salads, fruit cocktails, cheese or other spreads . . . with tomato juice, ginger ale, any beverage. Ask for Christie's Ritz by name at your grocer's. Like sterling silver, there's nothing just as good. In sealed packages only . . . not sold in bulk.



Glamour Wears Thin :: Continued from page 13

don't bother. It's an old hat," even though it was still warm from a milliner's window.

She stepped gingerly toward the dinghy thing—the heel of one patent leather pump catching in a loose board on the dock. She stumbled, heard something rip as the towheaded young man caught her deftly and transferred her to a slat laid across one end of the dinghy—the slat evidently was a seat. Molly knew that the sheer print had ripped, but she didn't care at the moment. She held her breath as George tossed her leather-bound suitcase—holding the new slacks and a blouse and sports shoes—into the bottom of the dinghy, making it rock dangerously, and jumped in himself, making it rock again—and said, "Look, you folks don't know each other. Molly, meet Stefan Green."

Stefan said, "Hi, Molly," and, picking up a pair of oars, started to row vigorously. He took Molly at her word about the hat, and with one hand pressed hard against her flat little tummy she watched half a week's salary drift off out of sight.

The trip to the boat—the big boat with masts—was a nightmare de luxe. Once, only once, Molly looked down into the water over which they raced, and told herself that it was fathoms deep and unbelievably menacing. And then the dinghy pulled alongside their destination, which was painted gleaming white and bore the name *Ellen* in letters of gleaming gold. This confused Molly, she'd expected Ellen to be a girl. And then George was saying, "I'll go up first and—"

It was at that instant that Kirby's face—browner, handsomer than she'd remembered it—appeared slightly above the level of the deck. Molly didn't realize at the time that he was coming up from the cabin—the whole thing had a semblance of legerdemain.

"Molly!" he roared, and came charging toward her. "Step on the seat and give me a hand, and we'll have you aboard in a jiffy."

Step on the seat—that meant *stand up* on the stable slat. Once, in the early centuries, Christian martyrs faced lions in an arena, but they probably had strong stomachs—the Christians, not the lions. With her eyes tight closed and her lips a narrow white line, Molly stepped on the seat of the dinghy and reached two trembling hands upward. She felt Kirby's hard strong fingers close over her wrists—felt herself swung through the air with the greatest of ease—and then her feet in their patent leather pumps were planted, but not too firmly, on wooden planking that listed this way one moment, that way the next.

Kirby shouted, "It's wonderful to see you, darling—" and kissed her. In front of the boy, Stefan, who was grinning—in front of George, who was not.

"Gosh, it's wonderful to see you!" he reiterated, and kissed her again.

And then from somewhere in the middle distance a girl's voice said coolly, "So this is the Molly I've heard so much about!" And a tall slim young person wearing burnished hair and duck shorts and flat shoes came sauntering down the deck. Even Molly, fighting nausea, realized that Ellen—obviously the boat's godmother—was like a girl off the cover of a magazine. A magazine

which glorified physical training and poise and health.

Ellen did the honors—she was a charming hostess. She wafted Molly below decks where everything was compact and polished and efficient. She stood by while Molly took off the sheer print and got into the slacks. She sympathized because Molly's sports shoes didn't have proper soles. "I have an extra pair, but they'd be much too big for you," she said generously. She showed Molly where they would cook the lunch and dinner—"We have simple things, chops and steaks and potatoes only"—and a bunk in which Molly could rest, if she grew weary. "It's up forward," said Ellen, "so you'll have plenty of privacy. There's a bathroom up forward, too."

Molly gulped, "Thanks—for telling me." The boat, even at its mooring, was making sickening lurches, and her middle was lurching with it. The thought of steak and potatoes filled her with horror, but when Kirby's brown face appeared at the hatchway and he called down, "Isn't Molly about ready?" she summoned all of her courage and called back, "Uh-huh." Following in Ellen's wake, she mounted the narrow stairway to the deck. George was seated in the cockpit, his normally cheerful face held the dim reflection of a secret sorrow and he didn't meet her eyes as Kirby flung an arm around her and led her to the bow where ropes lay coiled like snakes.

"Molly," he whispered, when they were practically out of earshot of the others, "I knew it would be like this when we were down here together. You're going to love this boat as much as I love it"—his voice became slightly unsteady—"as much as *I love you*."

Molly, glancing sideways into his face, felt the old rumba rhythm return to her pulse. She forgot about the water which was sneaking up on the boat from every possible direction.

THEY DIDN'T go out at once—as Ellen said, with a twist of her red mouth, "We want to initiate Molly by degrees." And it was almost time for the early lunch. Ellen—saying with a laugh that she was jack-of-all-trades—did the cooking. Molly was a pretty fair cook herself—the McGarrys were trained at an early age to throw a meal together. They had to be; there were so many of them, and so many meals. But as the preparations progressed, Molly learned from Ellen that the McGarry method of potato peeling was all wrong and that frying a steak in the cabin of a boat was a trick that only a very few women could master.

Ellen let Molly set the table, but when the boys came down Ellen rather obviously rearranged forks and spoons. Dishwashing? That was another thing. Ellen wasn't small about dishwashing—she let Molly handle the pile of greasy plates while she went up on deck with the boys. Not all the boys, however. George stayed down in the cabin with Molly and a dish towel. He made some crack about having helped Molly tidy up at home—and that it would be almost the same here—but the moment they were alone together George proved that it wasn't the same.

"What's this between you and Kirby?" he asked without preamble. "You and

paler when Kirby accused her of having an appetite like a sparrow.

As the afternoon lengthened, matters grew worse. The wind rose, if possible—the sky grew greyer—the boat outdid itself with a series of twists and wiggles. Once along about four, Kirby detached himself from the seething mass that was the arms and legs of three men and one woman and came to seat himself beside Molly in the cockpit.

"Darling," he said to Molly, "I'm glad to see you working it out like this. Most women, when they're new on a boat, rush around trying to make themselves useful. They always end by getting in everybody's way."

"Thanks," breathed Molly.

Kirby went on, "I've been watching you," he said, "ever since you came aboard. I realize that Ellen has been putting you over the jumps, but you must forgive her. She's been on the boat so often that she almost feels that it's her boat."

"Does she almost feel as if you're her—her?" Molly couldn't finish the sentence, and Kirby laughed with a shade of embarrassment.

"Well," he said, "we've been pals for ages, ever since we were kids, and we've joshed a lot about this and that. When she got engaged to old George it was definitely to put me in my place, but—oh, there's never been any actual romance between Ellen and me."

Molly was satisfied; she had to be. "Everybody deserves some romance," she said.

"But not everybody gets it, darling," returned Kirby. "Not everybody"—his voice was husky—"only a few fortunate people like you and me know what makes life tick." He cleared his throat. "You were swell not to insist on doing the cooking."

"Thanks," muttered Molly.

"One thing I noticed especially," Kirby went on, "is the way you kept watching the sky. Most landlubbers can't avoid staring down into the water, but you've been studying things out. You'll make a real sailor, Molly, and a real wi—"

George shouted something emphatic right then, breaking up what might have been a bona fide proposal of marriage, and Kirby leaped into action. The boat heeled over and Molly, clutching the edge of the seat, tried to think of happy moments that she had known in the past—her first birthday party and her first taffeta dress with ruffles. When Kirby yelled, "This is terrific!" she echoed. "It is terrific." But she put a different shading on the terrific.

Relentless wind, clouds that played leapfrog with one another, a shore line that was plankish, that darted almost up to the boat and edged away again as if it were loath to be caught. Molly, seated in the cockpit, prayed for the sun; but the sun was coy, too, and refused to shine. She prayed for evening to come—when evening came they would anchor the boat and then, after a short trip in the dinghy and a session on a train, home would be in sight—and she could relax in a bed that wasn't first cousin to a bucking bronco. When the atmosphere took on a thick soupy quality, she tried to convince herself that evening had arrived, but when the first raindrops began to fall, she remembered her wrist watch and glanced at it and saw that it wasn't five yet, and realized that destiny was being as plankish as

A Life of Service

By Margaret W. Jones

AS THE story of Canadian women's work in World War II is being written day by day, the story of a great Canadian woman who did magnificent work in the first Great War has closed. Men and women throughout Canada who knew Lady Drummond will grieve to hear of her passing in her Montreal home.

During World War I, Lady Drummond went to England, where she headed the Information Department of the Canadian Red Cross there. This work alone entailed a heavy strain in its endless detail and responsibility. But the day after the first Canadian contingent landed in France in 1915, she went to work on a new dream she had been planning for some time. In a couple of rooms in the Canadian Red Cross Society's London Office, she started the King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Club for Canadian soldiers. Due to her genius for organization, it grew into a large centre and became one of the most important clubs of its kind in

should take off his hat when he hears the name of Lady Drummond."

Prior to the Great War, and after it, Lady Drummond was known for her philanthropic work, and her active interest in any phase of Canadian women's advancement. She was an ardent feminist and fought for the franchise in Quebec. She took part in the inception of many large movements for women—among them the Charitable Organizations Society, now the Family Welfare Society; the Victorian Order of Nurses, the National Council of Women, and the Women's Canadian Club.

She had always been prominent in benevolent activities. With her husband, Sir George Drummond, who was a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George before his death in 1910, she founded St. Margaret's



Julia Lady Drummond

An appreciation
by Lady Williams-Taylor

CANADA mourns: Our Empire mourns. The one a glorious daughter who filled every obligation, every one of the many onerous and enormously responsible positions so wisely placed in her untiringly capable hands; the other—our Empire—the great woman who rose to every occasion, who answered to every impassioned call. Who, when England was waging her fight for life in the Great War gave her brilliant intelligence, her every waking hour, toward all branches of assistance, but particularly toward improving conditions for our gallant soldiers, benefitting and protecting their families, helping all organizations, always uplifting and always inspiringly understanding, be it with those controlling our Empire, her country, or the humblest seeking her aid, advice, or sympathy.

Then she, who had so long, so tenderly, helped all others, gave her beloved only son—only child—who died a gallant death in France.

With characteristic unselfishness Julia Drummond "carried on" with

sublime resignation and devotion to duty, but we who had the privilege of knowing her well saw deep, deep, in those lovely steadfast eyes an agony of grief, and our unrestrainable tears answered to the minor note in that exquisite soft voice and the lingering pressure of that wonderful hand.

Great lady, great woman, great in every intimate association of family life, great in every phase of public life, be it Imperial, political, municipal, or charitable, great in friendship and impregnable loyalty. Julia Drummond's rare and beautiful soul has passed on, but her example and the glory of her will forever be an inspiration to every Canadian woman.

—JANE WILLIAMS-TAYLOR.

London. Thousands of Canadian soldiers knew it well. "In this club," said a friend who worked with her, "she brought to the fighting men of Canada when they returned from the battle line, sick or wounded, some sense of personal interest and sympathy; of individual thought and care."

In the midst of her work for Canadian soldiers, she knew a great personal grief in the death of her only son. Captain Guy Drummond was killed at the head of his men, in France.

Speaking of her, Colonel Noel Marshall once said: "Every man in Canada

Home, in Montreal, and lent her name to the Anglican church residence for business women. In addition to her interest in helping the advancement of Canadian women, she was a hostess of note, and her Montreal home was a centre for art, literature, music and society. The collection of paintings in it is famous not only for the great names it contains, but for the works of those struggling to obtain a foothold. Many an obscure artist and singer had reason to thank Lady Drummond and her husband for a recognition which brought them success. *

the shore line and the sun. She wanted to leave the cockpit—even the airless bouncing cabin would be better than raindrops sinking into a hungry grey sea, but when Ellen said, from her place beside the wheel, "Molly'd best go below," she shook her head.

"I'll stay on deck with the rest of you," she said doggedly. "No, George, I'm not scared. Why should I be scared?"

Wind, wind! Clouds that played leapfrog with one another—leapfrog, nothing—clouds that played football! Wind, nothing—this was a gale! Without being told, Molly knew that the boys were worried, and that Ellen was worried too. She half rose from her seat in the cockpit and stood crouching as if she were ready to jump—it was an instinctive pose, she might have been expecting something to happen, but when it did happen it was so sudden that Molly's mind was unable to sort out the sequence of events. At one moment Kirby and George and Stefan were each absorbed in separate tasks. At one moment Ellen was standing at the wheel with her head flung back—her face rain-splashed and glorified by excitement—and then, suddenly, horror blotted out the glory and her hands, capable and firm on the wheel, were loosening as if she had no control of them.

"Kirby! Kirby!" she shouted. "Rocks! Rocks! The boat . . . rocks!"

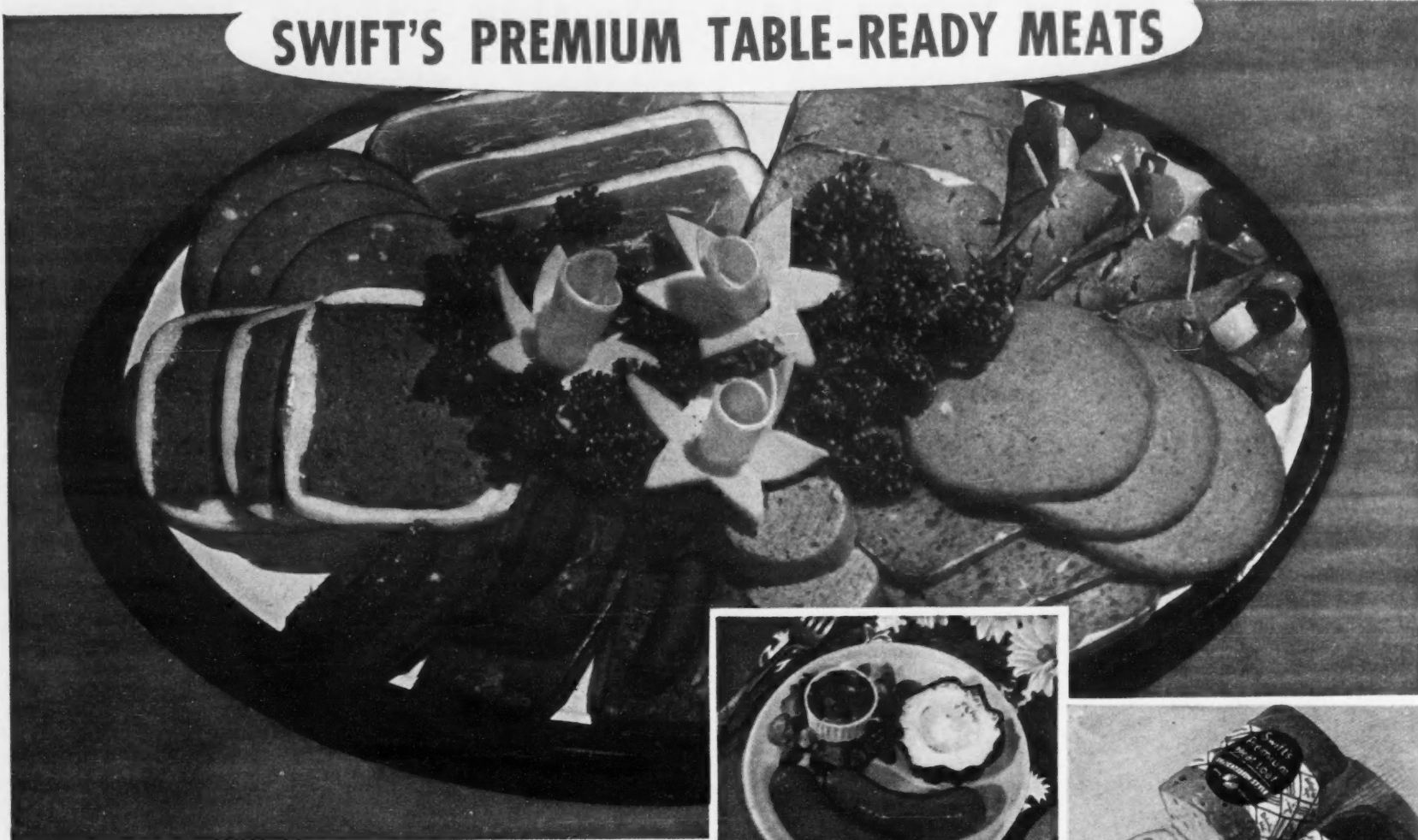
Molly thought foolishly, "Darn right the boat rocks!" and then something—it must have been the boom, for Kirby yelled, "Look out, Ellen! The boom!"—swung past and then there was the curious muffled sound of wood striking flesh and Ellen was crumpling down in a heap, crumpling slowly as if the starch had gone out of her.

Molly, in her crouching position, was all set to jump, but she didn't have time. As the boat listed dangerously she slid. Her hands, outflung to grasp something, found the wheel that Ellen had released. She hung on convulsively as she swung back, fighting to regain her balance, and—miracle of miracles—the boat swung back with her. And then it was all over, and Kirby's hands were above hers and the boy Stefan was dragging Ellen out of the way and George was gulping, "Molly, my dearest! Are you all right?"

Molly slid her fingers out from under the hard fingers that were biting into her flesh. She sank back onto the seat of the cockpit, closer to fainting than she'd ever been in her life, and heard Kirby bellow, "We're away from the rocks! The boat's safe." And then, in minutes or hours later, the shore line had ceased to be a pixy, and an anchor was going down and so were the sails, and Ellen—with a lump on her head—was seated in the cockpit beside Molly, drinking hot milk. And even the rain had stopped.

IT WAS over and done with. The emergency—the danger—everything. Molly, stumbling down to the cabin, saw her sheer print hanging limply from a hook. The print was an exotic one, the figures on it danced and set a pattern for Molly's stomach. Ellen was still on deck—so were Stefan and George and Kirby—but Molly crept across the cabin and laid her cheek against the sleazy cloth of a garment that was designed for shore. The sea air had taken the life out of it and yet, coming down on the train that very morning,

Summer Meals are easy and economical with SWIFT'S PREMIUM TABLE-READY MEATS



NOWADAYS, we're all busy with war work," says Martha Logan, "and even if we were not, no woman would want to spend hours over a hot stove in summer. But it's still vitally important to see that your family gets the *meat* necessary to a balanced diet. That's where delicious, appetizing Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats come in!" When you buy your Summer Suppers, make sure you get Swift's Premium brand. Swift Canadian Co., Limited.



TENDER, JUICY, SAVOURY: Swift's Premium Dinner Size Franks are made from quality cuts with skins "tendered" in pineapple juice, to cut at the touch of a fork! Another useful summer dish, these superb Franks are ready to serve after simply simmering 5 to 8 minutes. For guaranteed quality, be sure to ask for Swift's Premium Dinner Size Franks.



THE NATURAL B VITAMINS IN MEAT					
In Milligrams	PORK	BEEF	LAMB	VEAL	LIVER
B₁ THIAMINE	1.60	.22	.33	.31	.38
B₂ RIBOFLAVIN	.34	.29	.39	.41	3.34

The content in the above table is per quarter pound edible portion before cooking. As in other foods, the vitamin content of meat is affected by cooking to an extent dependent on the method of cooking.

Try Martha Logan's New Summer Salad Recipes

Nutritionists advise plenty of green, leafy vegetables for a balanced diet—best of all eaten raw in salads. And are they delicious with table-ready meats! So, to help you this summer, Martha Logan has prepared a brand new 20-page book of salad recipes. It's called "Success Salads" and it's packed with a host of new suggestions. Original combinations using vegetables, fruits, smart, inexpensive garnishings and numerous dressing ideas will make it easy to tempt the whole family. When you buy salads or Table-Ready Meats, ask for your free copy. If your dealer is out of stock, write to Dept. 13, Swift Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto.



Martha Logan
Swift's famed
home economist

BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED. LOYAL CITIZENS DO NOT HOARD.

LOOK FOR THE WORDS Swift's Premium! The same two words that assure you the finest meats for cooking should be your guide when you buy Table-Ready Meats. Fine tender meats delicately seasoned and cooked. These are delicacies fully worthy of the Swift Premium brand. When you buy these economical, tasty and seasonable summer suppers, ask to see the loaf or sausage from which your purchase is cut. Make sure it is identified "Swift's Premium."

Say **SWIFT'S PREMIUM**... for the finest meats!

KATHLEEN WENT out and Roger grinned at her. "So it's the old green number, is it? Well, let's eat."

"You still hungry?"

"I'm probably the most naturally hungry guy in the country. I can always eat."

They did all the things the gang always did in the high school days. They had fried chicken at the Red Mill and played the juke box and danced. They went to the bowling alley and bowled and drove downriver to the boat landing and got Roger's canoe and spent half an hour in it. On account of Roger having to get home for the dinner, they skipped the movies and just drove along the river road a little.

It was almost dark. Roger stopped the car and put his arms around her and said, "I'll get back later tonight. Kathleen—"

Her face was pale. Even under the make-up it looked white. "If you can't, I'll understand. You mustn't worry."

"Well, I certainly will. They can't stay forever." He tightened his arms around her. "Let anybody try to keep me away from you," he said. "Just let them try!"

Kathleen kissed him.

"You know there's never been another girl for me," he said. "Oh, Kath, this rotten war—I don't want to leave you."

She didn't say anything. She smoothed his cheek with one hand.

"You're so—you're so wonderful, Kath," he said.

"I just love you," she whispered. "More than you know."

Even kissing and holding tight didn't hold time back. He had to leave. She went up the walk to her house without looking back, and quietly crept upstairs and shut herself in the bathroom. There wasn't any privacy in a house on Linden Street, except in the bathroom. If you cried on a wet washcloth it didn't show afterward.

Kathleen couldn't eat any supper. She washed the dishes—so Mom and Papa could go to prayer meeting. The other girls had dates. Kathleen sat on the porch steps in the dark. This was the way it would be, all the nights from now on. The stars were big as saucers and the moon came up, giving Linden Street a fictitious beauty. Cars went by, neighbors quarrelled and made up, played radios, went to the movies and came back.

After a while everybody went to bed and the house lights went off. Kathleen went to bed, too, around one. She was very quiet. All the doors creaked so in the cheap little house, and the floors creakled when you stepped across them.

Around two she heard a car come down the street. She was up and down and outdoors in five minutes, and there was Roger, with a strained hard look on his face.

"Kathleen," he said, "I couldn't come before."

"Never mind. It's all right now."

"Look here," he said roughly, "mother won't hear of our being engaged. I—she—I've been talking to her. She says—"

"I know what she says."

"I told her if she felt like that, I'd not ask her to continue my allowance. She can't seem to understand. She doesn't know—"

"Well, look, she thinks I am after your money and the family name and all that. She doesn't think I'm good

enough for you. You can see how it looks to her, Roger—" Kathleen broke off. "My folks, you know—"

"But my own mother," Roger said with a dull wonder. "You would think she'd want me to be happy."

"I'll wait for you. Always."

Roger groaned. "It's not fair. It's our life. I was willing to go on if it was all settled and regular—you with the family ring and all the rest of it."

"We don't need that to keep our love."

"It's telling the world, though. I want everybody to know we belong to each other. It's something definite to hang on to while I'm away."

"You mustn't worry. You mustn't. We won't change."

"How do you know? What's going to happen to us—being separated just when we should be starting out together?" His voice was shaking. He tried to steady it. "I'm sorry, darling. Mother gave me the jitters. I can't seem to believe in anything. If only I had enough of my own to take care of you—"

"How much do you have?" asked Kathleen in a small voice.

"Not much. Probably forty or fifty with the Army pay."

"I could manage with that."

"You could? You actually could? All right, it's settled!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we're getting married. We're not going to wait for anything. We're going to get married. Now!"

THE ARMY camp was outside a town much too small to accommodate the influx of newcomers. Main Street was like a river in flood. Cars, station wagons, farm wagons. Men in uniform, truck drivers, girls, mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts. Painted women standing in doorways. Dogs and children.

There was a trailer camp outside the town limits. Tough, hardened men and young small-town boys, the good, the bad, the indifferent were offered a release from boredom and a mortal sickness. The storekeepers were crazy trying to keep enough stock, the movie was swollen to bursting for every show.

Roger found a room for Kathleen in a dingy three-story house kept by a dingy old woman. It was the best they could do, and they were lucky to find anything.

Roger stood in the doorway that first day and said, "I never thought I'd bring my wife to a home like this." His voice was harsh and angry.

Kathleen went over and touched his cheek. "Well, look, we're together. What do we care?"

"You like me still?"

"In a way."

"You're so wonderful."

"Then we both must be."

There was a sagging wooden bedstead, a scratched bureau with one caster missing, a rocking chair with sprung rockers, a wooden kitchen chair and a square table covered with a piece of purple tapestry. On the wall hung a massive engraving of fat children and stubby lambs, entitled, "The Spring-time of Life."

The shade on the window was laced with torn places.

But there they were.

The worst of it was Roger being in the Army. He'd be coming in the evening and Kathleen all ready when the phone



"I'm mighty glad now I've always used Bon Ami on this tub!"

Today when new sinks and bathtubs are hard to get, women who have always used Bon Ami are more pleased than ever with their favorite cleanser. For Bon Ami keeps porcelain so bright and new-looking. From now on, protect the gleaming surface of your sink and bathtub with Bon Ami. You'll find it quick, safe, and easy to use. Free from harsh caustics and scratchy grit.



"NO WONDER IT'S EASY ON HANDS!" ... Because Bon Ami does not rely on scratchy grit and strong caustics, you'll find it doesn't roughen and redden your hands ... or make nails brittle.



Bon Ami

for all your household cleaning

MADE IN CANADA



First Aid to wartime food budgets

SOME HINTS TO HELP YOU KEEP FOOD COSTS DOWN

1. PLAN AHEAD!



It is best to make up menus for several days ahead, remembering that **what** you eat is as important as **how much** you eat. The essential foods for a balanced diet should be included first, then whatever extras your budget allows. Latest market news is often carried in newspapers and radio broadcasts. It helps you plan meals around the foods in good supply at moderate prices. Leftovers should be included too. When you bake, fuel may be conserved by cooking a second baked dish at the same time—for example, a dessert or some food for the next meal. Buy what you need and can use, but do not hoard. There is plenty of food.



2. BUY WISELY!

The most expensive foods are not always the most nutritious. Less expensive cuts of meat and smaller sizes of fruits are as high in food value, and frequently as good-tasting, as fancier ones. Foods in season are usually cheaper. Larger sizes of canned and packaged foods are generally more economical. Information on labels enables you to compare the same food elements as fresh milk, and sometimes enjoy a price advantage. Canned fruits and vegetables may be used instead of fresh. Beef, lamb and pork livers are as nutritious as calves' liver. Cereals should be whole grain, and bread Canada Approved, brown or white.

3. COOK WITH IMAGINATION!



Higher wartime food prices are a challenge to our ability as cooks. Good cooking can make masterpieces out of the humblest foods; poor cooking can ruin even the best foods. Many ordinary dishes can be made most attractive with just the right seasonings, sauces and imagination! Cook books and magazines suggest new and interesting ways of preparing foods. Don't waste anything! Trimmings and bones from meat and fowl, and outside leaves of vegetables, may be added to soups. The water from vegetables is good for soups and stews. The tendency is to overcook most foods. This wastes fuel and harms food values.

OTHER HINTS: Home canning can save money, when vegetables and fruits are available in good quantity at low prices. A home garden is excellent—if you have the space, the good soil, the time and knowledge necessary for success. Every farm family should have a home garden. Wild berries and wild greens sometimes are available—your department of agriculture may issue a pamphlet on wild greens.

Metropolitan will send you the free booklets, "Metropolitan Cook Book" and "Food for Health in Peace and War," containing directions for budgeting your food money to best advantage. Address Booklet Dept. 8-L-42, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—is being shown throughout Canada. Be sure to see it when it comes to your theatre.

This advertisement is published in the interest of the Nutrition Program of the Federal Department of Pensions and National Health.

George had said it was the prettiest dress she'd ever owned. The hat that went with it, she suddenly remembered, was lost. It belonged to the waves and the ages, and it had cost almost half a week's salary. She started to cry soundlessly and felt an arm go around her waist. She lifted her head and felt lips on hers.

It was Kirby. He'd come noiselessly down the narrow stairs on soft-soled shoes—shoes for a boat. "Molly," he said, and his voice was scarcely more than a whisper, "I wonder if you know what you did?"

Oddly enough, with the finish in sight, Molly was more seasick than ever. Speech was completely impossible—and when she shivered convulsively as Kirby kissed her again, it was not with passion. Kirby, however, was unanalytical. "You don't know a thing about boats and yet you never lost your head," he exulted. "The moment Ellen took the count you were at the wheel. We were so darn close to the reef—it was a matter of seconds. You saved the boat, Molly. You saved the boat."

There it was, the boat again. Kirby and his boat—his first love, until now. But George had asked, "Dearest, are you all right?"

Through a mist Molly heard Kirby, almost lyric, going on. "Long trips together," Kirby was saying, "with only the sea and sky . . . A honeymoon and vacations . . . Sea and sky and you and me alone on the boat . . . Sea and sky and me at the wheel, with you beside me—"

George asking, "Dearest, are you all right?" Molly thought of an apartment—preferably a garden apartment—with none of the furniture on the installment plan, and indirect lighting, and a radio,

and babies being sloshed in the bathtub—plenty of water for anybody in a bathtub! She said, forcing down more than a lump in her throat, "Kirby, I'll always remember how your lips felt on mine, even when I'm old I'll remember."

"Huh?" queried Kirby blankly. "What do you mean—always remember? You sound as if you're saying goodbye. What are you getting at, Molly?"

Molly quavered, "I am—saying goodbye. We're not having a honeymoon on a boat—we're not going on vacations together. It—it was all a mistake. Everything." She started to tell him that she hadn't meant to be a heroine and turn the wheel—that it had been a question of self-salvation—but caught her breath and changed her mind. What did it matter in the final analysis? "Everything was a mistake," she whispered. "We'll never be married."

"Why not?" asked Kirby. His arm slid away from her.

Molly told him, "Because I'm going to marry George." Saying it aloud made George come suddenly close. There was something shining about the thought of him—not glamour, something with sterling marked on it, something that would wear a lifetime. George—why, George was dependable as well as good-looking. He was steady as a city street. He was love on a firm footing that wouldn't slide out from under a girl. He was—she gulped and life caught up with her. "Go away, Kirby," she said—and meant it. "Go away—please. I'm sick at my stomach."

When the dreadful and the nausea had finally cleared away, Kirby was nowhere in sight. But George—worried, tender, infinitely dear—was holding her head. +

We Haven't Got Forever :: Continued from page 6

clean shirt on. "Well, how you two gals getting along?" he asked. "I'm all beautiful now. Ready to do the town."

"Roger, I've asked some people for dinner," said Mrs. Barnett smoothly, "so don't be out late." She smiled at Kathleen. "Old friends of the family. They want to say good-bye to Roger."

"But hey, mother, I had plans—" "Thank you for the tea." Kathleen walked quickly to the door, and got out, past the butler, past the carved hall table, out to the marble steps where the sun was still shining as happily as it had an hour ago.

Roger caught up with her and opened the car door. "Look, it's too bad about tonight," he said. "I couldn't hurt mother the last thing, could I? But I'll slip away after they go and see you again. You see how it is, don't you?"

She smiled at him. "Yes, I see how it is. Don't be unhappy, Roger. You mustn't be unhappy about anything."

He relaxed. "I'm going to tell her tonight," he explained. "I want to plunk the family diamond on your hand before I take off. Some guy'll come along and take over the lease if I don't watch out. But if it's right in the Sun-Crescent that we're engaged, I'll feel safer."

"I don't think—" began Kathleen.

"No, don't think. Let's have fun, now. Just like I'd be around all summer. Let's forget the Army."

Kathleen took out her compact and drew a new brilliant mouth. "All right, Roger. Take me home while I climb into something that isn't black. I—I

don't want to wear this dress any more." "Make it snappy, Redhead, we haven't got forever."

Mom was fixing spareribs and sauerkraut in the box-size kitchen. The smell rioted over the house, the rich crusty smell of the meat and the tang of hot sauerkraut. Roger sniffed and said, "Oh, boy—oh, boy—"

When Kathleen came down in the apple-green crepe, he was at the kitchen table finishing a plate of spareribs. "We never have anything good as this at home," he said.

Mom smiled at him, her hands idle on her hips. "You're a funny one," she said. She held Kathleen back a moment to whisper, "Was she all right to you, baby?"

Kathleen leaned her head a brief instant against the warm deep bosom. "Oh, she was fine," she said. "Just fine."

"Well, I'm glad. I know she doesn't think a girl this side the track could be good enough for Roger, and you got to remember she thinks everybody is after their money. But I thought when she got to know you—well, I'm glad it's going to be all right."

Kathleen smoothed her hair. "Your papa and me didn't think a thing of Roger either," mused Mom. "I got kind of prejudices against rich boys. But he's just plain and nice, like any boy."

"Oh, yes, mom," said Kathleen, "he is!"

"He's not the kind to trick a girl, you can see that."



Count back the weeks
since you made movies of your children

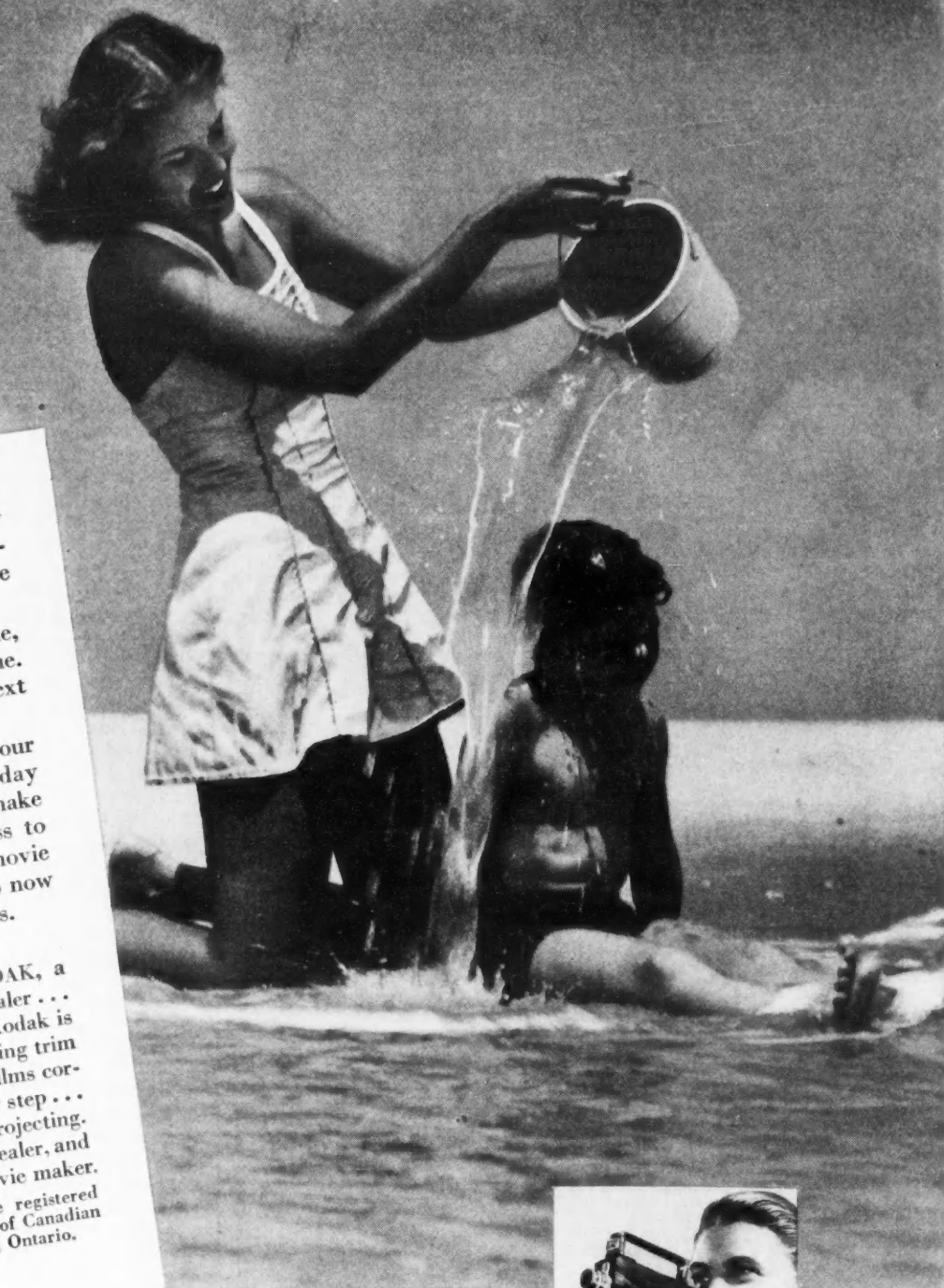
TOO BAD—to let yourself be deprived of intimate family movies such as this. You're busy—yes. But remember—the chance will never come again:

Another summer, for example, the children won't look the same. They won't act the same. Next summer won't be like this.

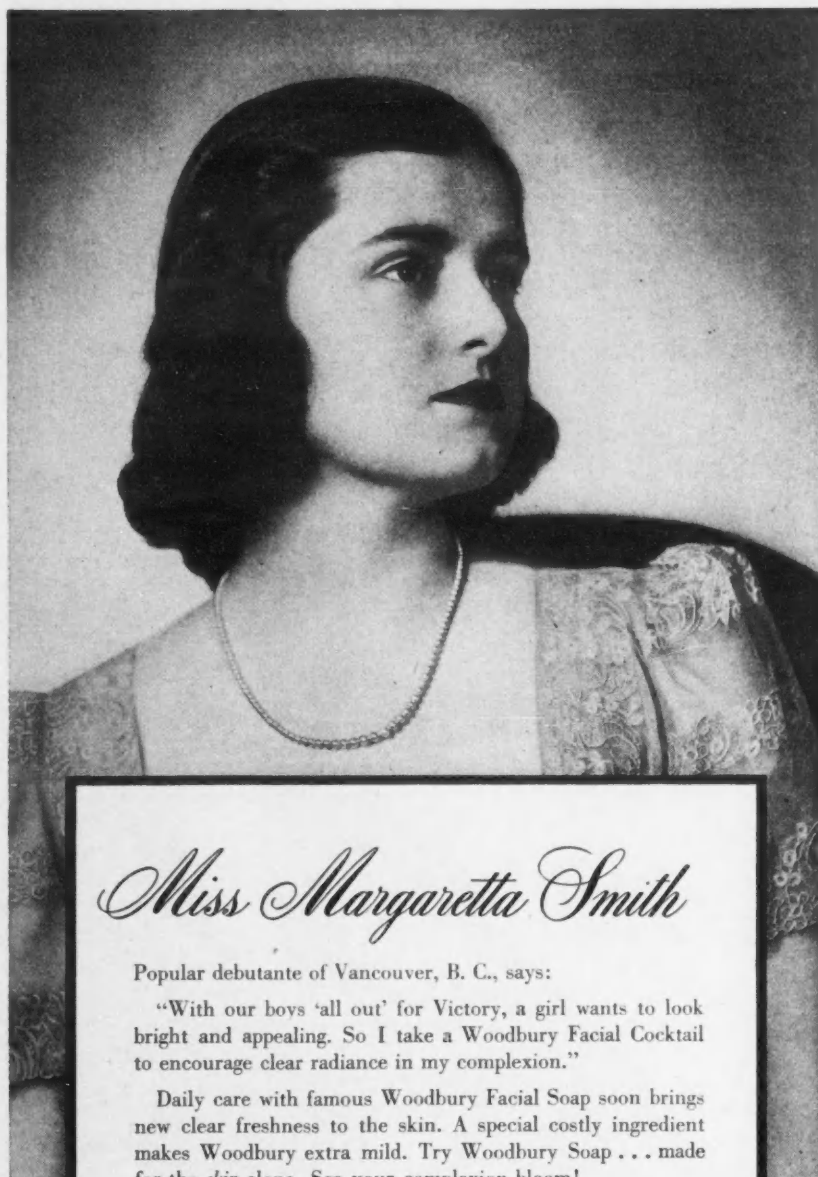
NOW is the time to get your movie camera into action—today—this week. The movies you make this summer will be priceless to you later on. So keep your movie records up-to-date. Load up now at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's.

BEHIND YOUR CINÉ-KODAK, a "movie-wise" Ciné-Kodak dealer... to see to it that your Ciné-Kodak is always in perfect picture-taking trim—to help you choose your films correctly, to coach you at every step... shooting, editing, titling, projecting. Consult your Ciné-Kodak dealer, and he'll make you a better movie maker.

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Life is a movie — **CINÉ-KODAK** keeps it all



Miss Margaretta Smith

Popular debutante of Vancouver, B. C., says:

"With our boys 'all out' for Victory, a girl wants to look bright and appealing. So I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to encourage clear radiance in my complexion."

Daily care with famous Woodbury Facial Soap soon brings new clear freshness to the skin. A special costly ingredient makes Woodbury extra mild. Try Woodbury Soap . . . made for the skin alone. See your complexion bloom!

"For Camellia-Clear Skin"...says Deb

"Try my Woodbury Facial Cocktail"



1. Margaretta studies Journalism, hopes to write news releases. She says: "Cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap makes my skin glow."



2. "I lather up Woodbury Soap to lather all grime and soiled make-up. Then send drabness on its way with two clear-water rinsings."



3. Interested in Junior Auxiliary for R.C.A.F., deb helps raise funds. Try this deb's Facial Cocktail. Use Woodbury, the true skin soap. 10¢.

FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

10¢



(MADE IN CANADA)

would ring in the lower hall and she would race down, trembling with excitement.

"Sorry, I can't make it to town today. I'm on guard duty."

"Oh, Roger—"

"I'll try tomorrow."

Sometimes she cried. But she never told him so. His life was pretty full, without worrying over her. What with the Army and then dashing to get a few hours with Kathleen and racing back to duty, Roger had very little chance to think.

They never spoke of his mother, and Kathleen knew that was a deep wound, festering. If his mother knew how she made him feel — but what could Kathleen do?

The days were all alike and all dreadful. She got up and cleaned the room and made the bed, and there was nothing at all to do. No job. No work. Nothing to do. There was no family life going on around her. She could read whatever there was in the rental library at the drugstore, but she couldn't buy books. Books cost loads of money. She could lie on the bed and look at movie magazines. She could walk up and down the street and fend off advances from loitering men. With her glory of hair and her little slim figure, there was no obscuring her. Everybody stared at her.

She could wash her hair and do her nails and make up her face with the bright cheap make-up. She could wait all day long for the moment when Roger's feet came up the dark hall, and then half the time there was a phone call, he couldn't come.

When you built your whole life around one thing, and you had no little minor interests, and then that thing didn't come off, you could hardly bear it. Roger not coming home was a great black sickness all over her.

Then she could go to bed, not tired at all, and lie on the broken springs and stare at the window and try not to think.

The third week another girl came in, third floor rear. Her husband was in the artillery. Her name was Lola, and she was a soft little blonde. She squealed when she was excited, and her giggle sounded all over the house. When she cried, her sobs were noisy too. She could never get it in her head that if her husband had to stay on duty, he couldn't get away. It was all his fault somehow.

"I can't stand it much longer," she told Kathleen. "When I think what everybody's doing at home—this is just the time of the big dances and all—and here I am stuck in this hole—"

"Well, look," said Kathleen, "you and Bob have supper with us and we'll play rummy."

"Rummy!" said Lola.

Kathleen had bought an electric plate at the drugstore and a toaster for ninety-eight cents. There wasn't a decent place in town to eat, and the places that there were, were so jammed you had to stand in line.

"I'm going to do something about the way we live," Kathleen said. "So you give me five dollars, Roger, for house-keeping."

She had a penny bank, and every time they saved a movie, she put the money in that. She emptied it now, and went to the ten-cent store.

WHEN ROGER and Bob came in on leave that night, Kathleen had the door open. Roger looked so drawn and tired, and his cheeks so flushed that Kathleen felt of his face.

"I'm coming down with a cold," he said, "my head aches."

"You'll feel better." She kissed him. "The Barnetts are giving a dinner party!"

"Dinner party!" His voice was sharp and bitter.

On the table were plates and cups and ten-cent-store silver, and the electric plate had a pan on it with something simmering.

Kathleen had on her green dress with the sleeves rolled up, and her face was glowing. The rich heartening smell of onion and butter and browning meat came from the pan. Roger laughed suddenly, "This is fun, Kath."

They all laughed. Lola brought in two chairs from their room and they sat around and ate, with the tension easing in their faces. Kathleen had managed Italian spaghetti with meat balls, which everybody knows is cheap as can be. It was dusted with grated cheese and rich with onion and tomato and garlic sauce. She had a green salad mixed in the water pitcher and cooled on the window ledge, and four wedges of gingerbread from the bakery.

It was a lovely banquet, they said. Afterward they cleaned up the room and went for a walk, since nobody wanted to play rummy on such a pretty night.

"You feel better, don't you?" Kathleen took Roger's arm.

"Sure. I feel fine. I got the dumps, that's all."

"You have a cold. Let's go back."

"Well, it's not much fun for you. I am kind of tired."

Lola and Bob went on, and they turned back. Roger sat down on the bed and spoke apologetically, "Kath, I kind of ache. Guess I'll crawl in."

"I'll get you some aspirin."

Roger relaxed with a sigh. When he was in bed, Kathleen turned out the light and crept in too.

"Turn your back so you won't catch my cold," he said anxiously.

She turned her back, but when he was sleeping heavily, she propped herself up on one elbow and looked at him. The street light pierced the worn shade with a faded gold. Roger looked like a child, all the new lines of worry smoothed out, mouth relaxed. She didn't like the way he breathed, so hard and uneven. He had a cold all right.

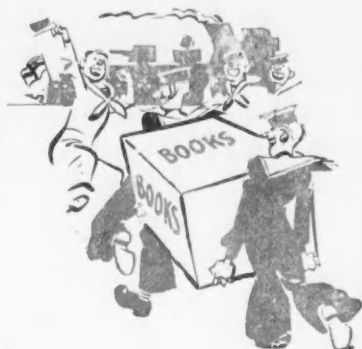
Suppose he got really ill. Suppose he had flu or pneumonia. Was it her fault? This kind of life they led, unsatisfying, full of worry. Had they been terribly wrong? Just suppose Roger's mother were right. Maybe she would ruin Roger's life. She wasn't the kind of girl he should have married. Just Kathleen from across town.

In the night Kathleen got up and slipped on her old flannel bathrobe and went to the window and looked out, lifting the shade with quiet fingers. The moon rode so high and calm and the sky was still and dark as water. But down on the earth a lot of things kept happening to people, and you didn't know what to do.

Now if Roger got sick in the hospital, she couldn't take care of him, even. He was a soldier. Did they let you take a leave if you got sick? She crept back and bent over him. She smoothed the

Books Go to War

by M. Audrey Graham



IF ALL the old magazines and neglected books in Canada could actually be used as missiles to hurl at the head of Hitler, there would be no lack of ammunition. People far and near would turn out their bookshelves in a moment. Why is it, then, that we can't arouse a little more enthusiasm about the book and magazine collections for the Active Services?

In the early days of the war, before the prodigious efforts of voluntary workers had placed this form of diversion within reach, a seaman reported reading an almanac fifty-four times during the long watches "below deck." When the first few books were issued, another told gratefully of the hours of pleasure he had found in an old book on astronomy.

Since then, great strides have been made in the establishment of portable, seagoing and army centre libraries. But with the increased enlistment and the field not yet covered, the situation is going to call for everybody's co-operation.

TO THE QUESTION—"What to send?"—the answer is, "Almost anything." Often the unusual is most appreciated.



Recently one camp librarian was very pleased with the prospect of a 1902 Encyclopaedia Britannica. From dictionaries to detective stories through the ranks of the classics, non-fiction, up-to-date technical works, wars—past and present—mysteries, popular fiction, they are all acceptable. Classical literature enjoys a greater popularity than might be expected. The opinion expressed is that it "lasts longer," and that is a major factor.

Small books—the pocket-sized editions—are excellent for making up the libraries for ships of the corvette type, where space is at a premium. Mrs. J. H. Chipman, National Convener of Camp Libraries of the I.O.D.E., pointed with satisfaction to shelves of these in the sorting room at National Headquarters. She explained that nearly one third of the books distributed go either to make up ships' boxes or to the book centres of the seacoast cities. Every ship launched in Canadian port is

equipped with its own small "library."

National Headquarters of the I.O.D.E. at Toronto, covers as its territory Military District No. 2 and No. 1 Air Training Command area, besides the quota shipped to the eastern coast or to any other Provincial Headquarters that appeals for assistance. The whole organization across the Dominion endeavors to supply as many of the country's military camps and hospitals as possible, and provides travelling libraries and special boxes for the internment camp guards.

IN EVERY sorting centre, whether it is magazines or books, there is a salvage pile. And while proceeds from this source are used to cover incidental expenses, there are easier ways of disposing of your wastepaper. That brings up the question of what not to send, although when in doubt—send everything. The ones you might, however, consign to the nearest salvage collection at once are: old books on nursing, schoolbooks on mathematics and kindred thrillers, short-lived novels of the Gibson Girl era, coverless loose-paged treasures held together by elastic bands, and moldy volumes that have spent a decade or two in some damp corner of the cellar.

The magazines that are sent to the I.O.D.E. are handed to the Active Service Magazine centre—in Toronto, a subcommittee of the Citizens' Committee for Troops in Training. Here, in a building donated for the purpose, with heating, caretaking and cartage expenses covered by the paper salvage, groups of volunteers from clubs, churches and the I.O.D.E. carry on the endless work. Mountains of magazines arrive from various sources, in some cases brought in by the delivery services of a large department store and a nationwide newspaper. They are sorted, packed, sent out at the rate of 100,000 a month to naval and army centres throughout Canada, and in Britain, Newfoundland, Iceland, Jamaica.

The Navy League, too, considers this weighty burden of supplying books and magazines to the men of the Navy and the Merchant Marine so important that



Now Guess Her Age!



New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—even making the pores look bigger and coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Face Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, younger!

The secret of this flattering face powder

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's blown

by **TWIN HURRICANES**—blown in a frenzy of violence until it's the smoothest, finest powder you've ever used!

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The **TWIN-HURRICANE** method makes the shades different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes blow the color into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look years younger.

How to try all 7 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 7 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail the coupon now—before you forget!

Lady Esther **FACE POWDER**



LADY ESTHER
Toronto 12, Ontario

Please send me your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV. _____

"If he spansks me, I'm gonna run away from home!"



1. It was one of those awful scenes that can leave a family feeling unhappy for days. I'd spent the afternoon at Cousin Sally's, leaving Timmy and Big Tim home together... well,

Timmy needed a laxative, but he balked at the bad-tasting medicine, so his father tried to force it down him. Timmy shrieked and struggled, and Big Tim lost his temper...



2. He'd just gone for the hair brush as I got home, and it made my heart ache to hear Timmy threatening to run away if he got spanked. I decided there must be some way to avoid these scenes at laxative time.



3. "Tim," I said, "maybe we're at fault about this. Let's call Sally. She used to be a nurse, you know." Tim agreed anything was worth trying, so I phoned Sally. "Heavens!" she said, "you shouldn't force medicine down the child."



4. "Forcing can upset his whole nervous system. Give him a pleasant-tasting laxative... Castoria. It's made especially for children. They like to take it. And it's effective, yet safe and gentle. Why not try it?"



5. That night, our druggist told us he always recommended Castoria. He said many doctors approve it, too, because it's a laxative made especially for children. I was convinced and got the money-saving Family Size.



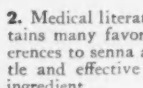
6. Timmy took Castoria like a lamb, and just loved the taste. It worked wonderfully, too. Since then the only use Big Tim has for the hair brush is to brush his hair.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



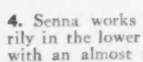
1. Senna, obtained from the leaf of the Cassia plant, is the chief ingredient of Castoria.



2. Medical literature contains many favorable references to senna as a gentle and effective laxative ingredient.



3. Seldom does senna disturb the appetite and digestion, or cause nausea...



4. Senna works primarily in the lower bowel, with an almost natural action.

sheet up. In his sleep he gave a groan.

But he had liked the supper. He'd been happy. Maybe Bob would have some idea—Kathleen ran out and climbed the stairs. There was a light in their room, and the sound of voices. But she stopped, because they were quarrelling again. Lola's high voice carried all too well.

"What kind of way to live is this? You don't even care what I go through in this dump."

"What do you expect me to do?"

"I don't care what you do. I'm going home."

Kathleen went back. No help there.

IN THE morning Roger felt worse, but he got up and drank some black coffee and started back to camp. "I got to go along," he said. "I'm all right, just dizzy."

Kathleen said firmly, "I am going to call a cab."

"We can't afford it." Then he grinned weakly, "Listen to that. No more rides in the family bus—"

She was shaking the pig bank. She didn't want any lunch anyway. "There, there is enough!"

"Kath," he said, "are you sorry?"

She clung to him, feeling his hot cheek. "No. I'm not. I'm not sorry!"

"Well," he said, "if you married me for my money, you've taken an awful beating!" Then he pressed his face in her hand to feel the coolness. "I love you so."

After he had gone, Kathleen cleaned the room. It was kind of bad they never even had any time for love. Roger had been so tired all the week—why didn't she know he was getting sick? If he got home tonight, she must have a good soup for him. What a lucky break she had had to work at home. So, an onion, some carrots, a good beef bone—she put on her brown skirt and yellow sweater and brushed her hair.

Then Lola came in, puffy-eyed and carrying a suitcase. She was all through, she was going home. She couldn't be an animal in a cage another minute.

Kathleen said, "Lola, can't you try a little longer? Weren't you crazy about Bob when you married him?"

"Sure, I was. I thought it was swell, marrying the Army and being a soldier's bride." She laughed. "What do I get out of it, I'd like to know? For that matter, what do you?"

"But what's Bob going to think if you walk out on him? Look, Lola, do you realize how it'll look?"

"I'm fed up. We don't get on any more anyway. We fight all the time."

Kathleen said, "I know. I'm sorry. I guess a lot of these marriages won't stick. People ought to have some little place of their own to begin with, and husbands ought to be able to come home from work for supper and mow the lawn—" She brushed a strand of hair from her forehead with an unsteady hand. "It's tough. You know, Lola, I come from the wrong side of town and we never had much, but when I think about the old house on Linden Street, it seems like heaven. I had a room all my own, except when relatives came. It's worse for Roger because he's a rich man's son. He's had everything. You can't imagine—"

Lola said, "Why don't you come with me? Go back home and get a job and all?" She made a sweeping gesture, "You know you hate this."

"I didn't think it would be a picnic," Kathleen smiled. "I just thought life

was going on so fast—and Roger needed me—and after all, we haven't got forever. Suppose this lasts two years—three—five—how do we know?"

"And you think you'd go on this way for years? Well, I wouldn't."

When Lola had gone, Kathleen went down Main Street on her errands. The butcher gave her a juicy bone and slipped in a clean translucent piece of suet.

At the grocery, she was equally lucky. She got a whole bagful of assorted vegetables that were just a bit old. And a beautiful Bermuda onion, big as a soup plate.

Oh, if she had a kitchen—never mind, mustn't think about that. Lucky enough they allowed cooking in the rooms at the house. She hurried back and started the soup. It was going to boil too fast on that electric plate because you couldn't turn it down. Maybe she could keep turning it on and off. Soup had to simmer. She wasn't going to think about the phone. He just had to come again tonight. After all, it was Saturday. She was worried about his cold. She had to take care of him some way. She got dressed early and sat down with a movie magazine. Gloria Vane was on the cover. Kathleen wondered whether she had ever loved anybody. What did that arrogant glamorous star know about all the girls who led ordinary little lives, just loving somebody?

Kathleen turned on the light and inspected herself anxiously in the cracked glass. She was pretty thin, but her face was still all right except for those tired smudges around her eyes. She had on her second dress, a violet wool, made over twice and right in style. Her hair made a bright burning flame above the violet.

She was smoothing her lipstick again when she heard the bell ring below, and the maid answer. Then there was a shout up the dark stair, "Mis' Barnett, you to home? You got a caller!"

A caller? Kathleen shouted, "All right, I'm here!" A caller! She kept the door open and stood there until she could see the ascending figure. Then she fell back with her hand over her mouth. Fear and despair swept over her; she tried not to tremble.

"Come in," she said in a faint voice.

ROGER'S MOTHER came in, breathless from the climb. She sank down in the rocker which Kathleen managed to push for her.

"Roger?" she asked.

"He's at camp," said Kathleen. "I think—I hope he'll come home soon. It's Saturday night. I—let me take your things."

Mrs. Barnett's silver fox and im-

+ Continued on page 53

If your Chatelaine is late...

Every effort is made to have your copy arrive on time—but wartime brings transportation difficulties which occasionally may cause your copy to be late. If so, we ask your indulgence.

BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department of Style, Health and Personality

HONORS COURSE

in Beauty

by
JEAN ALEXANDER

YESTERDAY you were roller-skating with the kids and playing baseball with the gang on the back lot.

No wonder your mother despaired that you'd ever grow up. That you'd ever take an interest in your appearance. That you'd ever be a beauty!

But that was yesterday.

Today you're all set to give the rest of the lassies a run for their money. You're off to boarding school—or college—or university. You've chosen your course of studies. And you're going to succeed.

But what about the beauty curriculum? Will you have an "honors" standing? Or will you just "pass"? What are the lessons you must learn—if you'd be a credit to your Alma Mater?

Of course it helps if you've some of the elements of good looks to start with—a friendly smile, a cute nose, a pair of eyes like Hedy Lamarr's, curly hair!—but if you've none of these things you're by no means a hopeless case. Given health, vitality, ordinary attractiveness, you can capitalize on your assets to the point where people will say, "Isn't that Mrs. Hodgkinson's little Elsie? Hasn't she turned out to be a pretty thing?"

Let's analyze those good points which are naturally yours. Let's see what can be done to bring your "average" up to the A-plus class.

Firstly, unless you're the exception to the rule, your very youth is in itself an important attribute. So, for goodness sake, be young! Don't take too seriously the

example of those sophisticated ladies, who, having reached the advanced age of thirty-five and forty, are beginning to feel that they need a lot of things done to face and figure. (And are probably right.)

"Well-groomed—and simple!" That's the slogan for the modern girl. And it's a dandy, because it reaffirms the belief that's strong in all of us, that we shouldn't neglect one single thing which will contribute to that good grooming. And that we shouldn't work too hard at giving ourselves an elegant glaze.

CLEANLINESS, in addition to being next to godliness, is a first-class foundation on which to build. Spick-and-span tidiness can do a lot for anybody. Haven't you heard people remark, "She's not really pretty. But

Veronica Lake

has a Beauty Hint for you



PARAMOUNT STAR

*What this Exciting Screen Star does
to protect her Soft, Smooth Skin*

COMPLEXIONS must have the best of care to face a movie camera day after day. Veronica Lake is smart. She gives her skin the protection of thorough cleansing—with Lux Toilet Soap. "Pat the rich lather into your skin," she tells you. "Rinse with warm water, then cool, and pat lightly to dry."

You'll find this simple care a wonderful beauty aid. Lux Toilet Soap's Whipped Cream Lather removes stale cosmetics thoroughly . . . carries away dust and dirt. Your skin feels soft and smooth. See how fresh it looks.

To be exquisitely dainty, be sure to

use Lux Toilet Soap for your daily bath. The luscious Whipped Cream Lather is fragrant, mild. Its rare, sweet perfume lingers on your skin.



A LEVER PRODUCT

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

they carry it on in the midst of their already colossal task of finding sufficient ditty bags, survivor bags and countless other seamen's comforts.

AND SO WE come to the problem of getting your contribution, large or small, to the fighting forces. This part is so simple it is laughable. If you live in a community of any size, watch the newspapers. From time to time they carry notices of local activities, of schools, clubs, stores, or service stations volunteering to act as collection centres. If you have any preference as to the sorting centre you want your donation to reach, a little further enquiry will show you "who is collecting for whom." It has been pointed out that it is wise to have the contributions go through one of the larger channels rather than directly to any one unit. In this way freight-free railway transportation is available, and there is no danger of "orphan" units being neglected.

As for the individual, especially in remote areas, there is always the post office. Yes, even the postal authorities consider this so important that they have laid the far-flung facilities of that civil service at its disposal. Take your books (not magazines), unwrapped, to the nearest post office. The postmaster will send them in a separate bag to the divisional centre, and from there they will be forwarded to the I.O.D.E.—in Toronto, for example, to the National Headquarters at 182 Lowther Ave.

It seems hardly credible that anything so easy could be so vital. Yet Mrs. Chipman tells of an incident during her last visit to Halifax that leaves no doubt.

A group of frantic sailors rushed into

the sorting centre with word that their ship was to sail in a matter of moments and—awful to contemplate—there were no books aboard! A box was packed as quickly as possible, and Mrs. Chipman and one or two workers drove it down to the docks. There they were greeted by another group who had been waiting anxiously. The ladies were not allowed to see the books on board, but they watched from the dock as the box was stowed away. And there before their eyes the huge vessel pulled slowly out to sea. Did you ever think of a ship actually waiting for a few books? And yet sailors like these have been known to leave their books with the troops in Iceland, or in blitzed ports of Britain, knowing that it would mean a long homeward voyage on almanac fare.

When you know that 46,000 books were distributed from a Halifax depot in 1941, it is not surprising to hear of an occasional slip-up in the sorting. But new heights were reached when one seaman came into the centre on his first shore leave bringing with him a gem that had been found in his ship's box. He approached the desk and without a word handed in one of those insufferable schoolgirl delights of past generations—the "Elsie Books."

With profuse apologies and some embarrassment, the librarian began: "This never should have been in your ship's box..." But she was interrupted by the astounding:

"Have you got any more?"

"You don't mean to say that you want to read another one?"

"Sure do. I want to see if anything else *could* happen to that dame."

You can see that the need is still only slightly less than desperate. ♦

Beauty Brevities

THERE'S A REAL art to the application of eye make-up. But it's not such a difficult trick. And what it does for your starry orbs!

Have you pale colorless lashes? Then brush a bit of mascara on your upper lashes—use a small amount, cover each lash evenly and whisk 'em with a clean brush to remove the excess. Presto! That mousy look vanishes.

If your lashes are fairly long and dark, —but straight, tilt the head back, brush mascara on the upper lashes from underneath, then, while they're still dampish, press the brush back and up to give them that seductive curl. 'Twill make your eyes seem larger, too, since more of them will be visible.

For eyes too close together, mascara should be applied more generously on the outer lashes, the brows should be plucked to give a separation of at least an inch over the bridge of the nose, and elongated slightly at the outer corners. Too much space between the eyes isn't allowable if they have a tendency to protrude. Keep the brows fairly heavy and slightly arched, extending them toward the centre with your eyebrow pencil.

You might try a cucumber lotion as a mild bleach for those portions of your epidermis which haven't taken too kindly to the sunning treatment. You can do a neat job of patching with one of the suntan lotions if you must.

They tell us there are about fifteen pairs of "liquid stockings" for an average 9½-size leg in a single bottle put up by one of our favorite beauty houses. No runs. No errors. **

Warm weather foot comfort is immeasurably enhanced if you remember to use a deodorant powder before pulling on your stockings. Also advocated for the stockingless. Your shoes should be treed and aired regularly to keep them fresh. **

There are some perfectly delightful flower fragrances on the market which are especially suitable for the schoolgirl. Truc, we haven't got our old stocks of imported perfumes. But local manufacturers are doing a grand job to fill the breach. Tip: keep your bottles well corked so they won't evaporate and lose their scent. An atomizer top for your favorite vial is an economical choice. **

Not many young skins need an astringent. But there are a few who suffer from excessively oily patches—usually down the centre of the face—who might well add a tonic lotion to their beauty kits. If the situation is really bad, consult your doctor or a good dermatologist. ♦



Photograph courtesy of Courtaulds "Quality Control."

THAT SOAP AND WATER LOOK

That daisy-fresh scrubbed look is going to be one of the best campus touches this year. Here are two of the season's smartest co-eds, in cool, clean spun rayon blouses and skirts—clothes that a whisk through the good old suds will keep in top condition.

FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

The Career Girl is getting major attention in the new fashions that are now springing up for fall. Pretty well everyone has some sort of a "job" this year, so let's look as beautiful as we can.

Since Uncle Sam turned dressmaker and told us just how long our skirts can be, and how wide our sleeves can be, we're having a grand time trying to get more beauty and variety with less fabric and little or no additional trimming.

Quilting is coming into its own with new vigor. Am seeing quilting on collars—quilting in deep bands on skirts—quilting on pockets, cuffs and belts—quilting everywhere. You see it doesn't call for additional fabric, or extra trimming material, so it's smart as well as thrifty.

Millinery is showing a decided tendency to be smaller. The reason for this is not so much to save fabric—as a hat doesn't take so much—but to save space in shipping. The smaller the hat, the more can be shipped in one box. Thus smaller hats save much needed space for other things more essential to victory than our bonnets.

Culottes for fall are coming through strong, especially for college type girls. Made to look like skirts, yet really "trousers," these can be worn at a tea party as well as on a bicycle. The new ones down here have unpressed pleats at the sides, making them more graceful and dressy. Wear a short knitted jacket with yours—the brighter the better—and you have a smart outfit well within government regulations.

In Place of Pockets on dresses, we're seeing cute little bowknots that can be made out of scraps, or left-over ribbons. Embroideries are having the

time of their lives—whole bodices are embroidered lightly, with sleeves getting a portion too, and deep bands of colored stitching on the narrower skirts give additional fashion interest without looking too fussy.

Gone is the Dirndl—gone is the flared skirt—gone is the longer suit or dress jacket. It's "stripped for action" fashions we're interested in, and anything fussy looks old-fashioned.

You Little Gals who are handy with the needle are going to have a great time redoing your last-year fashions into this year's smooth good looks. Matching hats are high fashion. If you cut off an unnecessary peplum, make it into a beret or calot! If you feel you have too many pockets to look patriotic, cut 'em off and make 'em into a patchwork purse—or re-cover an old purse with them.

The Sugar-Toter is a cute little idea. It's a small bottle in a little case, in which you "tote" your own sugar when you go to a party. Any small bottle you have, popped into a colorful little bag or case, will mark you as "different," and your hostess will bless you for your thoughtfulness.

Australia is coming through with some fashion news that will undoubtedly be reflected here, in time. One is a wool felt coat for winter that they say is a humdinger. Enough wool to be warm, yet the hair content makes a little wool go a long way. Best in red and green, they tell me.

We Have Our Men Well Trained down here! In making plans for the first "Women's Army" the Commander ordered that each unit have beauty parlor facilities and that warm bedroom slippers be included in the clothing issue!

SAYS ROSALIND RUSSELL

(TROPIC SKIN TYPE)



ROSALIND RUSSELL, NOW STARRING IN "TAKE A LETTER, DARLING," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"My skin has a Soul Mate"

"I ONCE HAD TO HAVE POWDER 'handmade' to match my skin. Then I learned how Woodbury's new Color Controlled Powder is exquisitely blended to match definite types of beauty.

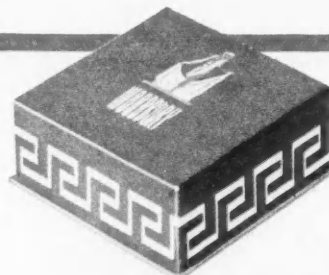
"And sure enough, in Woodbury's luscious Brunette shade, I found my exact 'Skin Twin'! You should see how it glamorizes my tropic skin."

Right, Rosalind! Woodbury's new Color Control process brings

every girl the perfect shade to dramatize her beauty. For Hollywood directors divided all beauty into 5 skin types. (You are one of these 5 types.) Then we styled glamour shades for each. Sheerer, longer-clinging.

So try fragrant new Woodbury Powder. A chart in every box reveals what type you are, what shade is meant for you.

Smooth on your "soul mate" shade—for romantic results.



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Color Controlled powder

Play up your type

Today, get your true-type glamour shade of the new Woodbury Powder. Only 50¢ (introductory sizes are 25¢, 16¢). Today, smooth on new allure!



FREE... 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 6 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 8729, Perth, Ontario.

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DON'T YOU FIND vacation time quite a challenge? Going off among new people and new places, you can drop your home conservatism—dress and act with more freedom... In a 1942 swim suit you can have truly modern sanitary protection with Tampax. Being worn internally, Tampax cannot cause a bulge or line or wrinkle. You yourself cannot even feel Tampax when it is in place!

When an ingenious doctor perfected Tampax he certainly helped millions of women to solve many annoying problems—whether with shorts, slacks or any kind of costume. You can change Tampax quickly, without pins or belts. You can wear it in shower, tub, pool or ocean.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty applicators. Disposal is easy. No odor. A month's supply slides into your purse. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory size, 25c. Bargain Economy Package gives 4 months' supply.

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she's so neat and trim!" Just as though that made up for what nature had denied. And it just about does.

You know they always say the basis of a lovely complexion is thorough cleansing. And there are heaps of women who admit they wish they'd taken better care of their skin when they were younger. Do start now, then, to train yourself to keep your face fresh and glowing and clean. If you're a soap-and-water girl, fine thing! There are such grand soaps available—the story of their production is a romance in itself. And in these days when the by-products of its manufacture are actually needed in war industry, you can practically soap yourself with patriotic fervor.

Soap and water cleansing is an excellent thing in more ways than one. If you use a face cloth—and it's recommended—the scrubbing steps up circulation and stimulates the flow of blood to the surface of the skin. It helps give you that "glow of youth" which even in grandmother's day was recognized to be 80 per cent good circulation and 20 per cent elbow grease.

Some of the soaps are especially high in oil content, which is all to the good. But if you find soap and water have a drying effect on your skin, add a few drops of one of those sweet-smelling bath oils to the warm water of your tub. They leave you feeling all beautiful.

Augment the cleansing ritual with a good cleansing cream, too, if you'd counteract the effects of long hours in the playing field. Some beauty specialists say the young skin should have three beauty creams—one a good cleansing cream to keep your complexion soft and lovely, one a night cream to use two or three times weekly and one a light powder base to prevent dust, grime and make-up clogging the pores, to protect the delicacy of the skin, and to counteract the all-too-prevalent shine which is the bane of many an existence.

Internal cleanliness is reflected in the complexion, too, you know. When you start getting bumps on your chin and nose, it's time to look to your diet. Too rich, greasy foods may be the cause. And from a few scattered and spasmodic pimples the whole miserable business may develop into chronic acne. Not that we want to be unduly pessimistic. But a healthy skin starts from within. Give it a chance to be as nice as it might be.

IF SHINE on the nose is frowned upon, shine on the hair certainly isn't! How about those hundred strokes a day? How about arming yourself with a brush stiff enough to do your hair some good without scalping you?

After a summer out-of-doors—at camp or as a farmerette—it might be well to discuss the need for oil shampoos and reconditioning treatments before you go off to school. The head of hair

you take with you won't have another chance like this for weeks to come. So it might be as well to get your perm, if you need it, now. But not unless your shining tresses are in a receptive mood. If your hair is bleached from going hatless, or if the casing of the hair is cracked and brittle from careless hours in the sun, get it into shape before you go in for your wave. Otherwise it will go all limpy on the slightest provocation. Uneconomic. Unsound. And probably unbecoming.

The beauty fraternity seems to have agreed that the days of the long, dangly, unsanitary coiffure are definitely numbered. They are turning out clipped tops at the rate of several gross a day in most of the big salons. Feather cuts are in. We have necks again. And certainly in these days when everybody's busier than ever before, there's something trim and tidy and purposeful about shorter locks. They do some attractive "crops" which can be brushed every which way and still maintain their individuality. Apropos the brushing—don't excuse yourself on the grounds that the curl will come out if you really go at it enthusiastically. 'T ain't so, dearie. The approved method is to hang your head and give your tresses the works with brisk strokes from the hairline up.

OF COURSE you'll want to arm yourself with a lipstick or two. (Remember that perfectly good container which needs only a refill for a return engagement?) Some schools frown on obvious cosmetics during school hours, so don't, in that case, experiment with how-not-to-get-along-with-the-Dean. It isn't advisable, either, to try out those deep dark and passionate nail polishes when you go home with Audrey for the week end. You know your own mother's eyebrows would go straight up under her hair. She'd be that disapproving. And Audrey's mamma isn't likely to be any more progressive(?) in her ideas.

Of course this hasn't been more than a cursory outline of the beauty curriculum suggested for the coming term. But it's a start. And, after all, the choices are yours. You know your own weak points—and your good ones, too. You know how ineffectual are words, without deeds—theory without practice.

And one last thing—don't sacrifice the effect of good grooming by thoughtless posture. Shoulders back, chin up, tummy in (how about a trusty little girdle to give you that nice trim hipline?), that's the way! Practice getting up and sitting down, getting up and sitting down, gracefully. Little ladies—so they say—don't throw themselves into chairs with fine careless abandon. They don't plunk down on chesterfields with a jolt sufficient to jar the unwary. In the old days "deportment" was a subject for serious study at many's the fine finishing school.

We could do with a bit of it now. +

The Bottom Half...

"Before the war most of us employed only half our wits and practically none of our muscles! How many hours were wasted—and so just lost on a scrapheap—waiting for wheels to avoid the use of legs. Now we walk. 'It's enormously satisfactory,' said a girl with a brain, 'to find the bottom half of me is quite as effective as the top.'"

—ROSITA FORBES
writing from England

There's
my old
dull self

GOOD
RIDDANCE
TO HER
I SAY!



WHAT an attractive person you can be when you are feeling your best! Everything you wear seems to suit you better. People pay you compliments. And deep inside, you feel so good! This is the life women aspire to. Start tomorrow. Match the care you give to yourself outside, with the care you give yourself INSIDE! Many call it the inner cleansing Kruschen plan. You take your little dose of Kruschen as you have your morning wash-up. A quarter teaspoonful in warm water or fruit juice. Keep it up for six weeks. Meanwhile get enough rest, fresh air and vitamin-rich foods. You're out to drop habits that hurt... particularly the habit of inner uncleanness. You're making yourself over into a better person; buoyant from better health... sweet with inner cleanliness. The little daily dose of Kruschen is a definite help along this brighter way of life. Why wait? Get Kruschen... Two sizes: 25c and 75c.

Oriental Cream

GOURAUD

The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.



Those GREY STREAKS

that age you can be tinted to their natural colour with...

Evan Williams TUNISIAN HENNA
In all Shades from Blonde to Black



EVAN WILLIAMS
TUNISIAN henna
It's safe!

The ABC's of Beauty

by Jean Alexander



A is for appearances which we spend our time keeping up.
B " " brief (like your new hairdo) and brush (to keep it in shape).
C " " chignon to be pinned on for Special Occasions.
D " " deteriorate (your perfume will if you don't use it).
E " " emollient, a rich oily cream to soften and refine.
F " " foundation (no, on your face) to give that well-cared-for look.
G " " gargle, handy if you've a cold; second cousin to the always commendable mouth wash.
H " " hoarding; it just isn't done, even with cosmetics.
I " " indispensable, like a trusty deodorant.
J " " jeune fille, which isn't necessarily the only age of beauty.
K " " kaleidoscopic, as the colors you can wear if you use the right make-up.
L " " liquid stockings—they go on with a pad of cotton wool, wash off with soap and water.
M " " manicure, self-administered at least every week, oftener if you chip easily.
N " " nonsense — which this isn't entirely.
O " " obligation which is every woman's to keep herself looking and feeling fit.

P is for piffle, as the contention that beauty is for the few.
Q " " quality — what you should consider when choosing beauty aids.
R " " relaxation, to smooth the lines from your troubled brow.
S " " sachet, for your wardrobe—matching eau de cologne and perfume for an effective ensemble.
T " " thrifty, which you are when you buy in quantity and make it last.
U " " umbriferous as your sun hat should be if you burn easily.
V " " verve, vim, vigor, vitality—the pep-sustainers.
W " " waterproof, like your new summertime make-up.
X " " that black mark against your record (if you don't watch out).
Y " " YOU, the determining factor in the whole beauty program.
Z " " zero, the point from which you start and work up to a nice fat 100 per cent in personal attractiveness and charm. +

CHATELAINE PATTERN No. 6111



Sizes 32 to 42. Price, 15 cents. Available only by mail order from Pattern Dept., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



*Fit as
a Fiddle*

★ Remember when the boys used to say that girls are "made of sugar and spice and all things nice"? Those days are gone forever . . . you're no sissy now!

You and a million other volunteers have learned the meaning of give and take. You *give* your time and energy, and *take* your assignments as they come. Every day they need you . . . every day of the month. Even when it seems your smile is frozen on your face!

Many's the night you used to hobble home, dead tired. But *now* you're a veteran! You've learned how to be a good soldier . . . to keep going, keep smiling . . . no matter what!

The greatest triumph of all—now even "difficult days" don't slow you down! Not since girls-in-the-know put you wise to the greater comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins.

Keep going—every day!

You'd like to pass on the good word to *all* the girls. That Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

And when you're really comfortable, everything seems brighter!

You'll take Kotex for *mental comfort*, too. Because its flat, pressed ends keep your secret safe whether you're wearing a uniform or your favorite formal. And its moisture-resistant "safety shield" gives a girl *extra* protection and poise.

So it's no wonder that Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together!

After all—that's *proof* that Kotex stays soft! The best proof!



Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree

—with **KOTEX**!



FREE HANDBOOK OF DO'S AND DON'T'S. The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another", tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Discusses subjects as: bathing, swimming, dancing, social contacts, etc. Mail name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co., Ltd., Dept. 149, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., for copy FREE!

(★Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)



Runs are downright extravagant! And extravagance is 'out' for the duration! Remember that when you wear the glamorous new rayons. Remember too—to make them last—they must have gentle Lux care.

To prevent runs, dip stockings in Lux after every wearing to whisk away harmful perspiration. Lux keeps threads elastic. Never rub or twist. Never use harsh laundry soap.

Make your lovely rayons last longer. Join the Lux Daily Dippers and start dipping your stockings tonight!

**TONIGHT—
dip your stockings
in—**



A LEVER PRODUCT

Red will be a leading color again this fall, but it will have a more rosy cast than heretofore, for the vivid red dyes are hard to get. This rosier cast is, I think, more becoming to most of us. Green, as a second color, particularly with black or brown, is doing well for itself, and yellow shades seem to be the choice of the gals whose boy friends are home on furlough. The yellow harmonizes very well with khaki.

☆☆

Wooden Soles on shoes sound downright peasant. But I've seen some lovely new fall shoes that have the thinnest of wooden soles—light in weight—handsome to look at—and will certainly release much-needed leather for more important channels. What worries me—if you want your wooden soles patched, would you go to the shoemaker or the local carpenter?

☆☆

Violet—of all colors!—is coming up as a winner with the Younger Crowd.

Back-to-school and college teensters down here are picking up violet velveteens for dresses—sweaters—and slim skirts for their campus entry. (Be careful of your make-up, if you go in for violet. Experiment a little—or you're apt to get a "navy blue" look!)

☆☆

Convoy Coats are just about the warmest, trimmest-looking sort of fall and winter coats you could hope for. Copied from Navy officers' coats, these have rope and wooden peg fasteners, instead of buttons. How about dolling up that heavy coat of yours with these fasteners, for a new look?

☆☆

A Word About Rayon Stockings—Did you know these should be given at least 24 hours—if possible 48 hours—to dry? They will fit so much better, last longer, and look nicer. Remember, the next time you suds 'em!+



A Pretty Smile

by Jean Alexander

a few drops of peroxide and a few drops of water. Either makes a harmless and effective whitening agent.

Don't neglect the inside of your gums, lady. Here's a lotion recommended for this inside cranny which may so easily be skipped over in the daily mouth-care program: tannin 10 gr.; tincture of iodine 5 gr.; iodide of potassium 1 gr.; tincture of myrrh 5 gr.; rose water, 200 gr. Your corner drugstore can turn it out for you in short order.

When it comes to choosing your toothbrush, do get one that is sturdy enough to get the job done, but not harsh enough to bruise your gums. One with a saw edge is the favorite. And if you rinse your mouth after mealtimes with a little milk of magnesia, it will neutralize the acidity in the mouth and prevent food fermentation. Decay-preventive, that's what it is. And if you find you've started too late to take first-rate care of your shining pearls, there's always the dentist. He's by no means the ogre he used to be pictured. He, too, believes in that ounce of prevention. +

A More
Glamorous
Complexion
in 30
Seconds



with Don Juan sensational
Two-In-One Powder

Don Juan's enchanting new Face Powder actually contains its own make-up base! Here, at last, is an "ATOM-IZED" silken-smooth Powder that blends right in with your skin and—like Don Juan Lipstick and Rouge—stays on hours longer.

Don Juan's new Two-In-One Powder must be used to be truly appreciated. See today how much it glamorizes your own complexion and saves precious make-up time. Available at all cosmetic counters. DeLuxe Size \$1.10. Trial Size 17¢.

DON JUAN

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Mercolized Wax Cream

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SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily.

PHELACTINE DEPILATORY removes unsightly facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

Nonsense,
My Dear!



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ADDRESS.....

D-38

Rendells solve the feminine problem healthfully, easily. Ready to use—each foil-wrapped—12 to a box. Buy them from your druggist.

38

RENDELLS

Homer Dates a Goon :: Continued from page 9

assume? Good. I mean if you hadn't been, it would make your being here rather incredible, and it isn't at all, is it?"

Homer shook his head. But it was. And the way he felt as he settled himself next to this charming girl was even more incredible. He wasn't embarrassed any longer. Nobody had given him a chance to be self-conscious. He felt completely at ease. And, as he started to talk, his voice, amazingly, was firm and self-assured. Her eyes seemed to kindle with interest when, under her questioning, he spoke of his ambition to be a bone specialist, and how he was already conscious of saving his hands for the delicate surgical work he hoped to do some day. The fire leaped high, and Homer suddenly felt more important to himself than he had since entering college.

He didn't stay very late, afraid that her ankle might be bothering her. His head was high as he strode back to the fraternity house. Before he left she had taken pains to remind him of his gap-filling promise. It seemed that the first gap was the next night. It would mean doing his studying in the grey light of dawn, but a man riding on a cloud doesn't quibble about a few hours of sleep.

It was only when he got to his room that he thumped off that cloud. On the pulled-down window shade was a huge heart scrawled in red, with the inscription, "Homer Loves Patience." Next to it was a drawing of a scraggly-toothed girl with strings for hair. There was a brick in his pillow and pine cones between the sheets. By the time Homer cleared everything up and got to bed, he had lost most of his glow. He knew his fraternity brothers. When they sank their teeth into something like this, they didn't let go.

THEY DIDN'T let go this time. Whitey Marshall, Bill Byers and Ken Deering, left end on the football team, were the ringleaders. When Homer awoke the next morning, there was a rose lying on the pillow next to him, with a card saying, "From your uggsy - wuggsy Patience," tied to it. His eggs at breakfast were served with tiny red bows around them and had to be eaten to the accompaniment of "Hearts and Flowers" on the phonograph. Homer managed to escape to his classes then, but when, at dinner, a barrage of questions eked out of him the news that he was going to see Patience again that night, the deluge began. There were six of them in his room to help him dress. His hair was

combed for him five times, his tie straightened a dozen. Homer was "their boy," about to have a date with "the girl of his dreams," and they were rallying to his aid.

Homer sputtered protests, but it was useless. They were too many for him. Somehow the idea of the erudite Homer with a girl seemed to be extremely funny to them. That her name was Patience only added fuel to the flames.

But Homer took it. He could, chuckling inside when Patience was referred to as "snaggle-tooth," and, a few days later, was elected, in absentia, the Omega Delta goon. He was seeing her regularly now—whenever he didn't have to study—and that seemed to be worth almost anything else. Patience liked him. She said so, unequivocally. And Homer, overcoming his first amazement that anyone who looked like Patience would waste a second glance on him, completely forgot his self-consciousness and talked with strength and authority about what he believed. It was the first time anyone had really seemed interested in his opinions, and he discovered that he had formed a good many, and that some of them actually seemed to make sense. At least Patience thought so. It was only when her ankle began to get better, and she started to talk about the wonderful times they would have together when she could get out, that Homer felt the cares of the world weight his shoulders once more.

The Omega Deltas hadn't forgotten. The unseen Patience had become Homer's mystery girl, the stock joke of the fraternity. Various opinions were expressed, varying from the theory that she only went out at night for fear of scaring any children or freshmen wandering about, to that of her being a figment of Homer's imagination. Whoever she was, she had captured their fancy, and, under the demoniacal influence of Whitey Marshall, and over Homer's frantic protests, they chose her to preside over their spring dance. Homer insisted strenuously that she wouldn't be able to come. Whitey, Bill and Ken ranged themselves in front of him dangerously. "She'll come," Whitey informed him. "We're a committee of three to see that she does. Bill, tell him what your duties are if she doesn't show up."

Bill scowled. "Nightly pitcher of ice water dumped in his bed."

Whitey nodded. "Ken?"

"Stickum in his shoes . . . all his shoes . . . every morning."

Whitey poked Homer's chest with his forefinger. "And I tie knots in your ties

In England Now . . .

"We get immense pleasure out of friends and don't bother about the collections of acquaintances who used to cumber our lives. Nobody piles up engagements for the sake of appearances. Everyone is 'choosey' and therefore full of sense. There's little temptation and no time to buy what we can't afford. Husbands are decidedly valuable, even if of proof vintage. Few wives have time or inclination to be 'sick of' somebody reliable and familiar. 'Really marriage is much easier in wartime,' said a thirty-five-year-old, 'but I don't know whether it's my husband or me who is so much nicer.' Both, I expect — because both are being equally useful."

—ROSITA FORBES
writing from England

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FRESH AND SWEET
MAKE A HIT WITH
MEN YOU MEET!**



How to keep dresses

Fresh and Dainty!

A girl who wants to be popular simply has to be sure of daintiness. A dress that whispers perspiration may spell disaster to romance!

Smart girls never risk daintiness! They dip their washable summer frocks often—in Lux. Lux gets rid of unpleasant perspiration odor—protects daintiness. It keeps pretty dresses gay and bright . . . looking like new, which is such a help to your wartime budget. Make it a habit to dip your dresses in Lux regularly. Start now!

**DIP
them often
in—
LUX**

▲ LEVER PRODUCT



SMART women everywhere express a decided preference for the KONE-RAY when they compare it with the old-style all-round pleated skirt. Knife-edged, the KONE-RAY pleats are graduated to taper off in unbroken lines to snug-fitting single material over the hips. They never gap, cannot come unstitched and are permanised to last out the skirt. Ask your outfitter to show you a selection of KONE-RAY skirts in a variety of the fine quality British materials including Scotch, Cumberland and Donegal Tweeds, West of England Flannels, Authentic Tartans, Worsteds, Irish Linens and Cream Serges, in which they are available.

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Campus Collection

THAT SMART simple touch which is the badge of the Canadian university girl this year is featured in four new-season outfits. They're simple to run up in a little pre-school homework time, and they will be just right for work and dating at college this year. No. 4334 is the kind of suit you'll live in — with sweaters and blouses. It has a flared skirt and nipped-in jacket.

Another highly useful suit is No. 4340, since you can button 'er up and wear a frilled collar or a dickie, as well as using it as a skirt and jacket with blouse or sweater.

For tea or dancing after class, No. 4335 is very feminine, with its bodice front and softly gathered back. It would be fun in beige with brown or air-force blue. And here's one of the new jumpers, No. 4333, a very nifty idea for a make-over, and giving you lots of leeway with blouses. All skirts are full enough for biking. Pattern descriptions on page 50.

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PROUD OF
SUCH A SHINE?



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NUGGET POLISH
SURE IS FINE!

Shoes shined with Nugget
look better, last longer.

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Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and
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he actually was. He'd had his day of
glory, but that night spelled its inevit-
able end.

IT WASN'T without its moment of
triumph, though. It was when they
arrived at the dance. The pledge at the
door, evidently under instruction, had
signalled the orchestra leader when
Homer appeared. As they entered the
main room, the musicians blared a
chord, the dancing stopped, and all
eyes focused on them. There was a
banner on the other side of the room
blazoned with, "WELCOME, PA-
TIENCE." They paused in the door-
way, and Homer, watching the jaws of
his dumfounded fraternity brothers drop
all around the room, permitted himself a
grim smile.

For Patience hadn't worn her hair in
braids. It was piled high on top of her
head, a gleaming coppery mass, expos-
ing the smooth column of a lovely neck.
Her gown was strapless, tight at the
waist with a sweeping skirt, a rich deep
wine which matched her lips. Her eyes
were alive with the soft lights and
colors of the room. Even Homer was
startled. He'd known she was nice to
look at, but had never before seen her
in the glow of being dressed up. She was
the most beautiful thing that he'd ever
seen.

And then the dam of surprise broke,
and Whitey was coming toward them
with a garland of roses for the queen of
the dance. The Omega Delts, never at a
loss for more than a few minutes at
a time, were swarming around. They
hardly seemed aware that Homer was
still in the picture.

He didn't stay in the picture long.
His first dance with Patience was cut
into after a minute, his second almost as
soon as it started. He watched from the
side lines. It was Bill Byers now, foot-
ball hero, and Patience was laughing.
Then Whitey, then Ken, then a crew
man, then the yell-leader and captain of
the basketball team. Bill and Whitey
were back, smooth dancers, handsome
and witty. And Homer was where he
belonged in such company—on the
outside looking on. It was cold, being
outside.

Homer went up to his room. His
books were lined up on the desk—well-
worn books which he'd thumbed and
studied. He hated those books sud-
denly. They seemed stodgy empty
things. What had ever made him think
they were so important? He could have
gone in for athletics or campus politics,
learned how to dance better and been
somebody at college—somebody that a
girl like Patience could admire. He
stared gloomily at his desk. Homer
Wallace, bookworm . . . hardly the
escort a girl could be proud of. And the
die was cast. He couldn't change now.
It took years to be a good football player
or swimmer. Homer sank into a chair,
his shoulders slumping. The years
stretched away before him, dismal and
bleak. He felt about as dashing and
attractive as a wet poodle.

He went downstairs and reconnoitred
a few times. There was always a group
around Patience, and there wasn't
another young hopeless like Homer in
the crew. Homer spent most of the
evening in his room, broodingly retrac-
ing all his misspent years.

It was late when the dance broke up,
and Homer had a chance to reclaim her.
She was strangely silent as they walked
across the campus. A crescent moon was



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• In a few days
corn is gently
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be lifted right out.

and pyjamas—sailor knots which I learned when I was a Scout. Nobody can untie them—not even me. We mean business, so mull it over, lad.”

Homer mulled it. A dreary uncomfortable vista stretched before him. For, despite the fact that her ankle would probably be better by then, Homer on no account intended to take Patience to that dance.

He knew what would happen if that pack of wolves caught sight of her. There was no one like her on the campus. They’d swarm around her. And where would Homer be? Probably biting his nails in some desolate corner. He stared at his face in the mirror. Not unpleasant, but that was about all that could be said about it—or him. To put Patience in the middle of that group of football heroes, campus lions and glamour boys would be like cutting his own throat. From being head man in her life, he would soon be in the position of trying to get a date three weeks in advance. They’d see her eventually, of course. Homer couldn’t go on indefinitely spraining her ankles to keep her out of sight. But it would be different. It would take time for them to wangle introductions and get to know her. Homer certainly didn’t see himself throwing her to the wolves.

There was something ominous in the way his fraternity brothers hustled around him before sending him on his way for his date that night. They brushed him off, slapped him on the back, helped him on with his coat and opened the door for him. Suspicious, he watched the shadows behind him carefully to make sure he wasn’t being followed. There was no sign of anyone, but Homer had been taking a circuitous route for some time now and, to be on the safe side, even made that a bit more intricate.

PATIENCE OPENED the door for him herself. Her ankle was much better, and she was hobbling about with the aid of her father’s cane. She seemed glad to see him. “Come on in. I’ve been making cookies. Daddy’s afraid to try them . . . said he’ll wait and see what happens to you.”

“How did they come out?” Homer wanted to know, slipping out of his coat.

“I don’t know. I’ve been waiting too.” Her brow furrowed. “What’s that pinned to your back?”

“Eh?”

“Here, I’ll undo it.” She reached around and detached an envelope from under his collar. Homer stared. The façade of the oblong missive was neatly embellished with a solitary, “PATIENCE.” Her eyelids flickered. “Is this a joke, Homer?”

He nodded, in a cloud of dark foreboding. “On me though, I’ll bet.”

She had opened it. “Why, Homer, this is sweet of you. I’d love to!”

An uneasy chill slid down Homer’s spine. “Love to what?”

“Go with you, of course. Is this the way you issue all your invitations, or are you just saving in stamps.”

Homer swallowed with difficulty. He looked over her shoulder. There it was—one of the spring dance bids, and it had his name written on the bottom. He knew now what all the send-off had been about. The worms! But he wasn’t licked yet. “Oh—oh, that?” He managed a weak smile. “Only a gesture. Too bad you won’t be able to go on account of your ankle.”

“But I will, Homer! The doctor was in today. He said I’d be as good as new in a week. Isn’t it wonderful? And I’ve just been aching to try out a new formal.”

Homer was getting panicky. “Not dancing, though. Dancing is the worst thing for a bad ankle. Why a friend of mine hurt his ankle a while ago, and the doctor put him to bed for a month and wouldn’t let him dance at all.”

“You can’t dance in bed. It would make everything jiggle.”

“But you might have a relapse.”

“Do you think so?” Her voice was hopeful. “I’ve been trying to get daddy to buy me one of those slinky negligees for weeks. A relapse might just turn the trick.”

Homer blinked at the fire. His ship was sinking fast.

He didn’t give up, though. Egged on by the maddening chortles of his fraternity brothers, who had deduced that he wouldn’t have been apt to call them a bunch of pop-eyed flatfish if their venture hadn’t been successful, Homer tried desperately to stem the tide. He tested out her father’s reactions as to the advisability of her going where people were apt to step on her ankle and hurt it all over again. The professor, showing a callousness incomprehensible to Homer, remarked that it was her ankle and if Patience wanted it kicked around, that was her business. Stopped cold on the front of keeping her from the dance, Homer switched to an indirect attempt to save something from the wreckage. In the forlorn hope that she might look funny that way and thus avoid the Casanova-like approaches of his fraternity brothers, he remarked that he’d always thought girls should wear their hair in braids with evening dresses. It was that touch of the old-fashioned—the contrast—which gave the combination so much charm. Why didn’t Patience try it? His suggestions were received with impatient sniffs and a final admonishment that he could make remarks about her clothes if he wanted to, but to please stay out of her hair.

The days before the dance telescoped, and there Homer was, face to face with his doom. And he meant doom. Against a background of campus heroes, she couldn’t help but recognize him for the pale cipher in the scheme of things that



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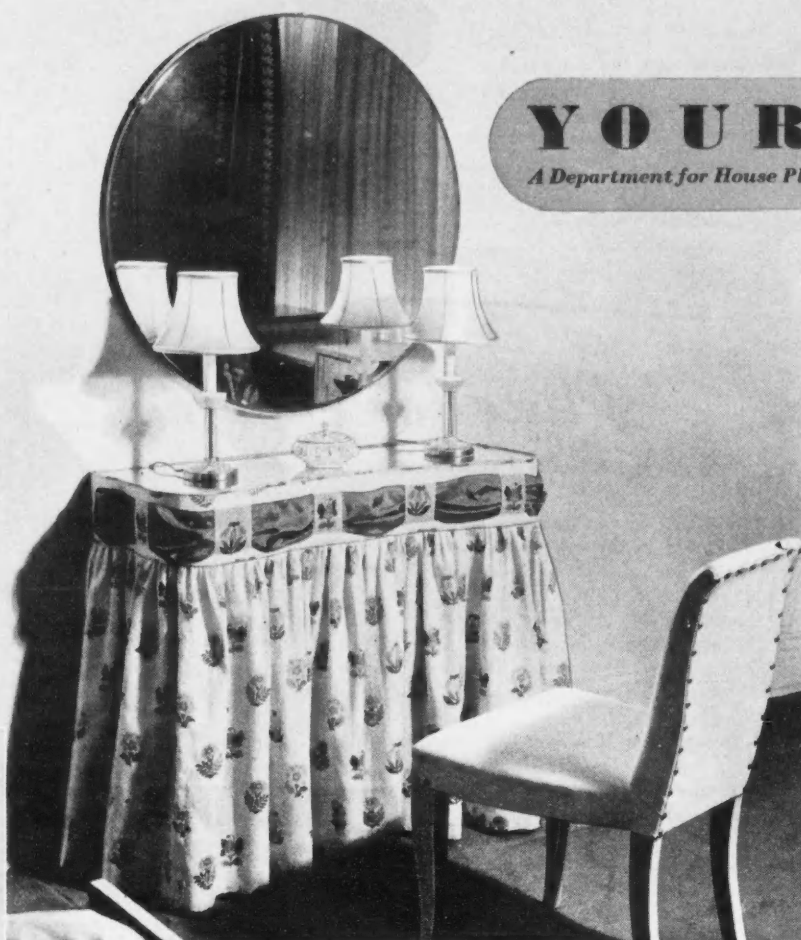
“Leisure used to mean boredom. It lay about, heavy and wrinkled like a cheap carpet, waiting to trip the unwary. Now an unexpected scrap of leisure or comfort is as precious as a flask of perfume. Enjoyment has a tang, because it isn’t heaped up and handed round on platters. Happiness has a new thrill because it is measured in half-hours. Everyday people have come alive.”

—ROSITA FORBES
writing from England

YOUR HOME

A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

Fifteen minutes at this attractive table and you'd be all set for the day! The skirt is a flowered muslin; a mauve taffeta ribbon is laced through the top band, which snap-fastens on and off for ease in laundering.



Soft green ninon finished with valance and border of chintz. The whole thing comes on — quickly removable for cleaning. Same chintz is used under glass top.



Fluttery and tonic in effect: red coin spots on white organdie, with red and white bands at intervals — like a provocative Edwardian petticoat.

Dressing Tables

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

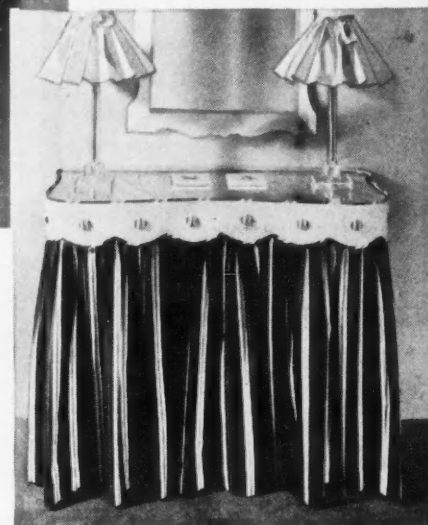
A DOLLAR or two will buy a decorative tonic for most bedrooms, provided it's drabness they suffer from. All you need to begin with is a little table of average height and a few yards of material—plain or patterned—to make an attractive skirt for it.

The foundation may be a special design with a row of drawers at each side and an open centre section to provide the knee-hole as you sit before it. Perhaps it will be one of the new blond woods, or a paint-your-own piece which you can finish to match your scheme. Or if you want to save your shekels and still get a smart effect, you can use a small pine kitchen table, a discarded table from your attic, an old commode or bench, or some other hand-me-down, fitted with swing-back arms. For that matter, you might simply fashion a fourteen-inch-wide shelf to the wall—good idea, by the way, if you want to cover a radiator. The shelf can be oblong, kidney-shape, half moon, or a triangle fitted into a corner of the room.

Fabric for the skirt may match or contrast with the curtains or bedspread. If, for instance, the hangings have a good deal of pattern, you might like your dressing table done in plain material which repeats one of the drapery colors. Or put the scheme in reverse and use figured fabric with a plain background. Chintz, organdie, gingham, rayon taffeta, novelty cottons and fancy weaves are all very smart when used in the proper setting. A pair of old curtains can be cut down and made to do duty as a dressing table petticoat.

Keep the design of the skirt in harmony with the room's decorative style. It may be bouffant, flounced and frilly, or a light crisp effect, or trimly tailored and straight hanging to conform with a modern scheme.

Anyone who knows how to run a sewing machine can dress up a dressing table most becomingly—and inexpensively. Measure the top and for ample fullness count on at least once and a half the total width—front, sides and a two or three inch extension at the back. Sheer materials call for a bit more generous measurement. Cut to just clear the floor and make the skirt in two sections to allow a centre opening.



Modern, practical and very fresh-looking: washable striped chintz in wine and white, with scalloped white valance and chintz-covered buttons.



Damask-patterned homespun makes an unusual treatment. Top banding is done with five rows of brush trimming. All designs courtesy The Robert Simpson Co.

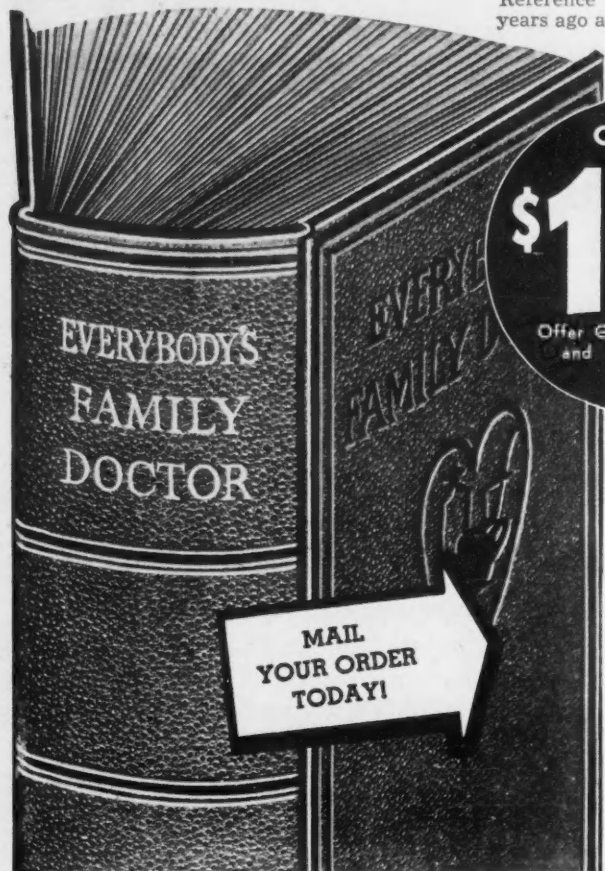
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riding high over the trees, and blue stars winked softly in a velvet sky. Homer gloomily reflected on what her thoughts must be like now. Probably regretting that such a grand evening had to have the anticlimax of wasting a lovely aftermath like this on a drip like Homer. Glimpses of her face in the moonlight did nothing to reassure him. Her lovely brows were drawn together, and she seemed annoyed at something.

He stopped at her doorway. "Well, I—I hope you enjoyed the dance. Guess I'll run along now."

Her eyes observed him. "Come in for some coffee."

Homer shook his head. "Don't think I will. It's pretty late, and I wouldn't want to keep you—"

"Come in!" She was standing in the doorway, her lips pressed together dangerously.

Homer went in. She led him into the kitchen, put on the coffee pot and turned to face him, her hands on her hips. "Where were you all evening?"

"Oh, around." He waved his hand vaguely. "I saw that you were pretty busy, and didn't want to butt in."

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you? Are you aware that I received four invitations this evening to your Junior Prom? In order, they were from Whitey Marshall, Bill Byers, George Slade and Bert something-or-other. What do you think of that?"

Homer wasn't surprised. "Uh . . . very nice."

"Is it? Well, I'll have you understand that if you intend to treat me then as you treated me tonight, I'll accept one of them. Leaving me in the middle of that bunch of morons!"

HOMER BLINKED. "Eh? Morons?"

"At best," She snorted. "Do you know what they talked about all night? Football! Parties! And a lot of slushy drivel about how beautiful I was. I've never been so bored. Not a brain in the lot of them. How did you ever get mixed up with a bunch like that?"

He swallowed. "I—they pledged me, and I thought it would be nice to belong to a fraternity."

"Well, if you take my advice, you'll get out—and quick. They're not like you, Homer. They're not learning anything. They're all now that they'll ever be. You have a long way to go, and if you waste time with people like that, you're not going to get there."

Homer was staring. "You—you mean you think more of me than of Whitey or Bill or any of those fellows?"

Her eyes were surprised. "Well, I should hope so! And now back to the burning issue."

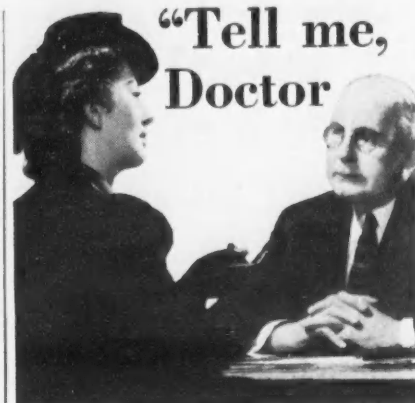
Homer shook his head to clear away the mists. There seemed to be nightingales carolling in the kitchen. "What issue?"

"The Junior Prom. Don't I even get asked?"

Homer couldn't talk. He just nodded as vigorously as possible.

She smiled. "You can be sweet, Homer." She kissed him suddenly. "There. Now drink your coffee."

Homer drank it, floating on a pink cloud. The coffee gurgled as it went down. It was drowning an inferiority complex. It stopped gurgling. Homer smiled blissfully, his chest 'way out. That complex was a dead duck.



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together, and pleat the top. Finish with a band double-edged in bright cord to match one of the colors in the towel-ling. Serviceable and easy to launder.

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Color scheme for a bedroom: blue, yellow and cream striped curtains, turquoise wallpaper, deeper blue rug, white bedspread with yellow trim, chintz-covered chair, combining yellow, blue and other soft colors in a floral pattern.

☆☆

Your best china is worth a little care. Stack your plates with a circular piece of felt or flannel between each.

☆☆

Electric light costs money, so don't hide it under dusty bulbs. If very soiled, remove and wipe them carefully with a damp cloth. Have perfectly dry before replacing them in their sockets.

☆☆

Dirt embedded in rugs and carpets wears them out quickly. Going over the rug with a vacuum cleaner for a short period two or three times a week is better than using it once a week for a longer period. Don't beat rugs or carpets and don't shake small ones. This treatment is likely to break fibres in the back of the rug.

Hurricane lamps make smart and novel flower holders. Fill the candle "well" with water, arrange a few flowers in it, and sit the lamp chimney carefully in place. A pair of these dress up your summer table no end.

☆☆

The small glass shelves in your bathroom can be made non-slip by pasting a strip of adhesive tape down the length. The tape isn't noticeable and it keeps things from falling off.

☆☆

To preserve phonograph records, keep them in racks, albums or the sturdy envelopes in which they come. If unprotected, dust settles in the grooves, causes scratches and plays hob with the tone. Lift them by the edges, to prevent fingermarks on the grooved surface.

☆☆

One hostess we know weights the tablecloth she uses for outdoor meals with a little bell at each corner. This keeps the cloth in place—and you can have music with your meals.

☆☆

In washing painted walls, sponge on the suds with a circular motion. Wipe off with a cloth or sponge dipped in clear cold water and dry with a soft cloth. +

I Made It Myself

by G. E. Altree-Coley



ALL GARDENERS and lovers of outdoor beauty exclaim with delight when they come upon a well-placed accent. It may be a bird-bath, a sundial, or a gazing-globe—but, whatever it is, this type of decoration, properly installed in relation to the paths and flower borders, does seem to lift the whole effect out of the commonplace, and bestow distinction and charm on even a tiny garden plot.

Few of us, however, especially in these days, can afford to pay high prices for such ornaments. But let me tell you how I contrived my own "accent" and the stepping-stone path which leads to it.

Any woman who has mixed cakes can make these garden features—as I proved! First, the paving blocks of the path. One can form them in a mold first, or one can pour the mixture into the permanent location. I have done both. From any building supply store, one can get gravel, sand and cement. A strong mixture is made by using three quarts by measure of the first, two of the

second, and one of the third—a three-two-one mixture. This is thoroughly mixed while dry, and water is added until it is like a thick cake batter. Just here, one has to work quickly, so it is best to make small batches unless help can be drafted for mixing.

In doing the little paved path, I first excavated six inches of soil the length and width I wanted. As the sides were damp and well packed, I did not need to put in boards or frames, but, when ready, poured the concrete right up against the earth. To make the sections, I rolled different lengths of light firewood in disused waxed paper and laid them in the path at irregular distances. Next I put a three-inch layer of small stones into each section and filled each space up with the concrete. This was allowed to set for two weeks, during which period it was covered from the sun and occasionally sprayed with the hose. At last I removed the partitions (which lifted out easily because of their waxed paper wrappings), and where these had been I put in good soil, and planted sedums, thyme, and the pretty blue trailing veronica.

Next came the bird bath. The pedestal is just a drain tile. I painted it over with a one-one mixture of cement and sand, moistened to the right consistency; when that had adhered to the surface, a second coat was applied over which sand was sprinkled liberally, giving it a nice stone effect. The bath or bowl was mixed in the kitchen, using a large pan for a mold. The base block on which the pedestal rests was molded in a square biscuit-pan. As the drain tile was a find in a dark corner of my basement, the whole structure cost but a few cents and a morning's busy enjoyment. +



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A Place for Summer

Designed by Gordon S. Adamson, M.R.A.I.C.

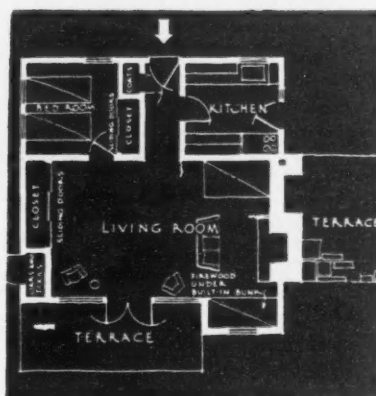
FOUR PERSONS can be comfortably accommodated in this attractive little cottage designed for a lakeside site. Built-in bunks flanking the fireplace are couches by day and beds by night. Owners' room has sufficient space for twin beds, placed under high windows which bring plenty of light and air into the scheme.

The living room is sufficiently large to take a table for meals, although in good weather the side terrace, handy to kitchen entrance, would be most popular for dining. Here you'll note a special feature in the outdoor fireplace, inexpensively contrived in the sweep of the stone chimney serving the indoor fireplace.

Most summer cottages lack adequate closet space, but in this case, in spite of a very compact space-saving plan, the architect has made generous provision. Closets for bedding and clothes are indicated in both bedroom and living room; each is equipped with sliding doors. A coat cupboard is provided near the rear entrance; the kitchen has modern banks of cupboards

below and above working counters; and there is a neat provision for storing oars, paddles, tools, etc., in a space accessible from outside.

This design could have exterior walls of horizontal wood sheathing, wood shingles or rigid asbestos shingles. Note how projection of eave at front shades the large window group from the midsummer sun. ♦



Pointers for Your Home

IF YOU go in for a valance on your windows, use it right across—not just between the overcurtains.

☆☆

When it's applied to a large surface paint appears a shade or two darker than it looks on a small sample. Something to remember when refinishing walls or painting a floor.

☆☆

When not in use, garden hose should be carefully drained of water, coiled so that there are no kinks or bends, and stored off the ground—preferably indoors—to keep it free of dirt and grit.

☆☆

Linoleum floors should be kept waxed to preserve the surface. Don't varnish inlaid linoleum; it may discolor and cause cracking.

☆☆

Sheets that are ample in size will wear longer than skimpy ones. Measure your beds before buying, allowing for the thickness of the mattress and for a good

tuck-in, top and bottom. Allow a little for shrinkage too. The average width of a single bed is 63 inches; double beds are from 81 inches to 90 inches wide.

☆☆

Canada's soap industry is supplying 95 per cent of the glycerine used in munitions. So the Controller of Chemicals wants fats salvaged, but not for soap-making at home. He'd rather have it go to a central soap factory where the glycerine by-product can be collected for munitions work.

☆☆

Regular polishing is important in making shoes last longer, for good polish "feeds" the leather, makes it pliable and protects it. If shoes get wet and muddy, wash off with a damp cloth, and wipe dry. Insert shoe trees, or stuff them with newspaper and dry thoroughly but slowly—away from direct heat. Polish as soon as they're dry.

☆☆

Striped tea towelling makes a smart skirt for a dressing table. Sew the stripes



Overheard in the Bathroom

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HOUSEKEEPING

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A Fine Kettle of Fruit!

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

W E MAY not have been born thrifty, nor even achieved that No. 1 housewifely virtue, but all of us, willy-nilly, have lately had thriftiness thrust upon us. That's one of the reasons we're going all-out in this business of preserving August bounty for our winter larder, thereby assuring our families of good eating all year round and at the same time giving one in the eye to the enemy.

Every jar of jam or conserve or jelly salvages the flavor and nutriment of so much delicious but short-lived food. Therefore, there's a patriotic as well as a common-sense angle to doing up fruit and overcoming the seasonal limitations which Nature has imposed upon it. Especially this year, when waste amounts to a major sin and conservation of all our assets is more important than it has ever been before.

Now the finished product of your handiwork can't be any better than the ingredients you put into it. So your starting point in jam and jelly making is fine fresh fruit, slightly on the greenish side if it has to do its own setting, but fully ripened and luscious when liquid or powdered pectin is used

along with it to aid and abet its jelling quality.

THIS YEAR, as before, you have the choice of either method. For the long-boil way $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar to each pound of fruit, as picked or purchased, is the proportion allowed, and you're on your honor to stick within this limit. If you're taking the modern short cut by adding commercial pectin, you can have more sugar—one and one-quarter times the weight of the original fruit. The reason for the more generous allowance in this case is that the yield from your preserving kettle is about one third more, which pretty well evens up things.

Corn syrup is a valuable ally as a sweetener for jams, jellies, conserves, marmalades and fruit butters. Two cupfuls can replace two cupfuls of the sugar specified in any recipe using bottled pectin. For instance, if your recipe calls for seven cupfuls of sugar, you can use instead 5 cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of syrup, but don't monkey any further with this proportion or your results will not be successful. In other recipes where no commercial pectin is used, corn syrup may be

substituted for one third the amount of sugar.

There are, as you know, two kinds of corn syrup—white and golden. They differ only in flavor and color, and, while the white may be preferred for light-colored delicate-flavored fruit, the golden is much more plentiful, and in most cases will serve your purpose very acceptably.

MILD-FLAVORED strained honey can pinch-hit—cup for cup—for about half the sugar in many jams and jellies. It blends especially well in peach, pear or plum jam, conserve, butters and spiced fruits. The only precautions are to cook your mixture a little longer and to use a large kettle for the purpose, as honey has a tendency to foam and boil over.

Successful preserving is more a matter of precision than "luck." So begin with a good recipe and have the sense to follow it in every detail, from the preparation of the fruit to the final ladling or pouring. Then even the inexperienced transformer of summer fruit into an all-season sweet can point with pride to her achievements. If you use commercial pectin, all guesswork is taken out of the



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Chatelaine Announces "Shower Ideas"

A new Service Bulletin compiled from original ideas contributed by Chatelaine readers.



SOME MONTHS ago, in response to many requests for shower-planning aid, we decided to publish a booklet of ideas for entertaining the bride-to-be. In order that these ideas might be new and different, we asked our readers to send their suggestions for novel and amusing showers. For each one used, three dollars would be paid. The response was literally overwhelming, and we want to express our gratitude, for their interest and help, to all those who rallied to our assistance. Following are the contributors whose suggestions have been used, and to whom cheques have been mailed:

Mrs. M. Duff, Carbonear, Nfld.
Mrs. A. Morrison, Gatineau Mills, Que.
Miss Marguerite Beaudin, Westmount, Que.
Miss Georgie Forsyth, Oshawa, Ont.
Miss Dorothy Schuyler, Paris, Ont.
Mrs. H. M. Downing, Timmins, Ont.
Mrs. Wallace M. Brown, Palmerston, Ont.
Mrs. M. C. C., Keewatin, Ont.
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■ **INGREDIENTS:**—½ c. shortening, 1 c. dark corn syrup, 1 egg, 1 c. flour, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. cloves, ¼ tsp. soda, ½ tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1½ c. quick-cooking oatmeal, 1 c. raisins.

■ **METHOD:**—Cream shortening on No. 8 speed. Add corn syrup gradually, still at No. 8 speed. Add egg and combine well, still using No. 8. Scrape bowl and beat a few seconds. Turn back to No. 1 speed, and add sifted dry ingredients. Add oatmeal and raisins, still at No. 1 speed. Scrape the bowl, and beat another min., still at No. 1 speed. Drop by small halfspoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven of 350°F. for about 10 min.

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Tire-less Picnics

by Edith S. Coombs

The Open Road — If you pine to see beyond the horizon, over a mountain top, down a path in the woods or along the bend in a country road, pack up a snack to match a fresh-air appetite, put on your hiking shoes and get along with you!

Menu 1 (cold)

Egg, Onion and Parsley Sandwiches
Pressed Ham Sandwiches
Brown Rolls (stuffed with coleslaw)
Raw Carrot Fingers
Bananas or Cherries
Hermits
Tea or Coffee — in a thermos bottle
(Or well water from somebody's pump)

Menu 2 (if you like to build a fire)

Corn Scramble
or
Kabobs
Dill Pickles Green Onions
Brown and White Rolls (toast them on a stick)

Prune Loaf or Loaf Cake
Coffee

Picnic in the Park — Gather up the family, give everyone a package under his arm — and off you go to the park for supper. (You pay taxes, don't you!)

Menu

Lettuce and Cold Meat Sandwiches (beef, veal, chicken, tongue, pressed ham, or lamb)
Mint or Mint Jelly Sandwiches
Devilled Eggs (or plain hard-cooked)
Mixed Pickles Celery
Cherry Tarts or Gingerbread
Hot Tea or Coffee or Milk

By the Old Mill Stream — You may not have the mill, or even the stream, but at least you can find a tree to lean against and enjoy the same kind of a picnic meal.

Menu

Vegetable Soup (carried in a thermos or heated on the spot)
Bologna Rolls (thin slices spread with mustard or horse-radish, rolled and fastened with toothpicks)
Watercress Sandwiches (husky ones)
Celery
Black Cherries Cup Cakes
Bottled Beverage

A Family Garden Party — In your own backyard. One way to get a change of scene at no expense or next-to-no bother; you don't even have to pack a basket, but simply set up a table under a tree or in the shade of the house. Then let everybody help carry out the food.

Menu

Chilled Red Currant or Tomato Juice
Jellied Meat Molds (veal, tongue, chicken or whatever is left from Sunday's roast)
Scalloped Potatoes and Onion Rings
Green Salad
Raspberries and Cream
Toffee Chews Coffee Rolls
Tea Coffee

A Bicycle Run — Everybody's joining the bicycle corps: it's the latest style revival and grand fun. So swing a basket on the handle bars and head for the country.



Menu 1 (ready to eat)
Cold Stuffed Spareribs (individual rolls)
or
Jellied Pork Hocks
Potato Chips Sauerkraut Salad
Mustard Pickles
Berry Turnovers
Bottled Beverage

Menu 2 (for trailside cooks)

Creole Hash
Radishes Dill Pickles
Rye Bread or Brown Rolls
Watermelon Doughnuts
Tea Coffee

Kabob

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)
2 Pounds of steak, cut in cubes
1 Pound of bacon, cut in squares
6 Onions
For this dish, each person prepares and cooks his own as follows:

✦ Continued on page 48

I HAVE GLAMOUR PLUS



DELIGHTFUL to look at, delicious to eat—and MORE! Everybody needs minerals, vitamins and the other healthful, protective qualities of raw foods. There's no more delightful way to enjoy these benefits than in colorful salads.

And what exciting salads you can make from tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, celery and all sorts of every day fruits and vegetables perked up with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Real Mayonnaise.

Women who serve salads regularly know the value of Blue Ribbon REAL Mayonnaise in making salads tempting and delicious. Rich and creamy, yet containing no starches, the delicate, bland flavour of Blue Ribbon REAL Mayonnaise enhances the thrill of nature's goodness. Blue Ribbon Real Mayonnaise tastes better, goes further—is the crowning glory of any salad.



TRY THIS FOR SUNDAY SUPPER

SCARLET PIMPERNEL SALAD

6 tomatoes
3/4 cup diced cucumber
1/2 cup diced, cooked potato
1/4 cup chopped nuts
1/4 cup Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise
Lettuce

Select medium-sized, smooth tomatoes. Scald, peel and chill. Carefully scoop the inside out of tomatoes. Remove the seeds from the pulp. Chill all ingredients, and when ready to serve, mix potato, cucumber, tomato pulp and nuts with Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Add more salt if needed. Fill the tomatoes. Arrange on lettuce leaves. Garnish with Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise.

West of Manitoba, this fine Mayonnaise is known as Best Foods Real Mayonnaise.

When sandwiches are in order try Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Sandwich Spread. Grand by itself or to give new flavour to other sandwich fillings.



HELLMANN'S
BLUE RIBBON
REAL
MAYONNAISE
It's Really Fresh



**It's
MUSTARD
for FLAVOUR
every time!**

There's a wealth of satisfaction in the little jar of mustard you make yourself for your table. For there's pleasure in flavour and there's flavour in Mustard—flavour that's perky, pungent and full of zest. Its lively touch adds sparkling new flavour to any kind of meat—hot or cold—and there's a warm and friendly invitation in its golden glow. Sandwiches too, are enlivened by the enticing nip of this piquant condiment that anyone can make in a jiffy with famous Keen's full-strength Mustard. Sold by grocers everywhere.



Mix gradually with COLD water to the consistency of very thick cream, stirring well and breaking up the lumps. Simple! Easy! Delicious!

**D.S.F.
(DOUBLE
SUPER
FINE)**



**MADE FROM
FULL-STRENGTH MUSTARD SEED**

business, for a wide range of reliable tested recipes come with each bottle or package; stick to them—in the size of the batch, the proportion of ingredients, and the time of cooking. Without this helpful addition you can make good jelly from naturally pectin-rich fruit (apples, crabapples, cranberries, grapes) and good jam from these and other varieties (peaches, plums, blueberries), but you'll have to exercise some judgment as to when the mixture has reached a good "set." To determine this jelling stage, take a spoonful of juice from the contents of your kettle and pour it back; when two drops form on the edge, run together and break away clean, you've got it.



Grape and Apple Butter

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of grape pulp
- 2 Cupfuls of apple pulp
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar

Put about two pounds of fresh clean grapes in a saucepan and add one cupful of water to the fruit. Cover and simmer until tender, then put through a coarse sieve to remove the skins and seeds. (If the pulp is thin, cook until thick enough to heap or round up on a spoon.) Prepare the apple pulp in the same way and combine the two fruits. Add the sugar and cook rapidly, stirring constantly to prevent scorching, until the mixture "sheets" from the edge of the spoon. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Yield: approximately three half-pints.

Peach and Apple Conserve

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of peaches
- ½ Pound of apples
- 1½ Pounds of sugar

Scald, peel and dice the peaches (about one and one-half cupfuls), then wash, core and dice the apples, but do not peel if the skins are a good color (about one and one-half cupfuls). Combine the two fruits, add the sugar and cook slowly until the mixture is thick and clear. Seal in clean hot jars. Yield: about two to three medium jars.

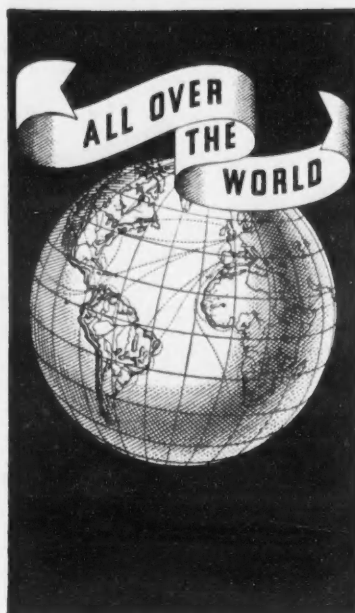
Plum Butter

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Pounds of ripe plums
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- Sugar

Select the reddish purple plums, wash thoroughly, remove any blemishes, add the water and cook until the fruit is tender. Rub through a fine sieve. If the puree is very thin, cook until it is thick enough to pile up on a spoon. Then measure and add the sugar, allowing two thirds of a cupful of sugar for each cupful of pulp. Cook quickly, stirring constantly to prevent scorching, until the mixture "sheets" from the edge of a spoon. Turn into hot sterilized jars and seal.

For spiced butter, tie one tea-



The name

HUNTLEY

&

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unrivalled quality
in*
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spoonful of whole cloves, half stick of cinnamon and a few allspice berries in a spice bag, add to the fruit and sugar mixture, and cook as above. Remove the spice bag before turning the butter into the jars.

The sweetened spiced butter makes a delicious spread. A less sweet mixture may be made, with or without spices, and used as a relish. Yield: about five six-ounce jars. Sugar required: about one and one-third to one and one-half pounds.

Five Fruit Conserve

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Large, firm, ripe tomato
- 2 Medium oranges
- 3 Medium apples
- ½ Cantaloupe, medium size and very slightly underripe
- 1 Dozen medium peaches
- Sugar

Scald the tomatoes, and plunge into cold water. Peel and cut in small pieces, removing all the seeds. Remove the seeds from the oranges and put through the food chopper (both rind and pulp). Peel and core the apples and cut in small dice. Peel and remove the seeds from the cantaloupe and cut into small dice. Peel and stone the peaches and cut into small dice. Combine all the prepared fruits, measure and bring to boiling point. Boil quickly for ten to twelve minutes, then add the sugar, using three quarters as much sugar as fruit. Cook, stirring frequently until the required consistency is reached, then turn into hot sterilized jars, and seal. Yield: about seven six-ounce jars.

The total weight of the fruit is approximately one and three-quarter pounds. Sugar required: about one and one-quarter pounds.

Saskatoon or Elderberry Jelly

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Pounds of ripe berries
- ½ Cupful of lemon juice
- 7½ Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Bottle of liquid pectin

To prepare the juice, remove the larger stems from the ripe berries, place in a kettle and crush. Heat gently until the juice starts to flow, then cover and simmer for fifteen minutes (this makes about three cupfuls or one and a half pounds of juice). Place in a jelly cloth or bag and allow to drip. Squeeze and strain the juice from four medium lemons. Measure the sugar and juice into a large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil and add the liquid pectin at once, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half a minute. Remove from the heat, skim and pour quickly into sterilized jars and seal. Yield: ten glasses.

Spiced Blueberries

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of ripe blueberries
- 5 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of corn syrup
- 1 Teaspoonful of ground cinnamon
- 1 Teaspoonful of ground cloves
- 1 Teaspoonful of ground allspice
- 1 Bottle of liquid pectin.

Crush or grind the clean ripe blueberries (about four and one half cupfuls of prepared fruit). Add the spices and mix with the sugar in a large kettle. Bring to a full rolling boil over strong heat, stirring constantly before and during the boiling. Boil hard one minute. Remove from the heat and stir in the pectin. Skim and pour quickly into sterilized glasses. Seal at once. Yield: about twelve six-ounce glasses. +



Six slices of vitamin-rich bread, with butter.



One serving of meat or fish.



One egg, or an egg three or four times a week.



One serving of green-leaf or yellow vegetable.



One glass of tomato juice.



One serving of vitamin-rich breakfast cereal.

BREAKFAST		
17.	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Jam Tea
18.	Cereal with Sliced Peaches Toast Coffee	Honey Tea
19.	Cold Tomatoes Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Tea
20.	Apple Sauce Cereal Coffee Cake Coffee	Jelly Tea
21.	Stewed Fresh Fruit Cereal (with wheat germ) Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea
22.	Melon Cereal Fried Tomatoes Toast Coffee	Tea
23. (Sunday)	Plum Juice Cereal Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee	Tea
24.	Berries Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea
25.	Tomato Juice Bacon Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea
26.	Stewed Plums (From Tuesday) Cereal Scrambled Eggs Coffee	Toast Tea
27.	Cereal with Berries or Bananas Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea
28.	Fresh Pears Bread and Milk Scones Coffee	Stewed Fruit Tea
29.	Plum Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea
30. (Sunday)	Bowl of Assorted Fruits Cereal Grilled Kidneys Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea
31.	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea

LUNCHEON or SUPPER	
Frankfurters Mustard Shredded Cabbage Canned Fruit Drop Cakes	Tea Cocoa
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Brown Bread Apple Raisin and Fresh Pear Salad Jelly Roll	Tea Cocoa
Cheese Toast Cucumber and Sliced Onion Cantaloupe	Tea Cocoa
Vegetable Combination Salad Hot Biscuits Fresh Plum Tarts	Tea Cocoa
Creamed Eggs on Toast Berries Layer Cake	Tea Cocoa
Sliced Fresh Bologna Pan-fried Potatoes Mustard Pickles Fruit Jelly Whip Cake	Tea Cocoa
Cold Meat Loaf Raw Vegetable Slaw Sliced Tomatoes Melon Iced Tea or Chocolate	
Vegetable Soup Crackers Radishes Bran Muffins Tea	Cheese Honey Cocoa
Chilled Pilchard and Egg Salad Brown Bread Stewed Plums Milk	Tea
Sliced Cold Meats Lettuce, Tomato and Cucumber Salad Johnny Cake Tea	Syrup Cocoa
Fresh Boiled Corn Pear, Cheese and Raisin Salad Butterscotch Rolls	Tea Cocoa
Pan-fried Trout or Herring with Lemon Creamed Potatoes Blueberries and Cream Tea	Cocoa
Canned Clam Chowder Cabbage and Tomato Salad Chocolate Quick Tapioca Tea	Cocoa
Lobster Salad Celery Sliced Tomatoes Fruit Tartlets	Tea Cocoa
Ramekins of Creamed Eggs and Onions Brown Bread Apple Sauce Tea	Ginger Cookies Cocoa

DINNER	
Cold Roast Beef Potato Cakes Buttered Carrots Blancmange Fruit Sauce	Coffee Tea
Lamb Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Coffee Spanish Cream (use left-over coffee for flavoring) Fruit Punch	Tea
Cream of Asparagus Soup Jellied Tongue Potato Croquettes Spinach Peach Shortcake Coffee	Tea
Baked Sausages Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Eggplant Baked Custard	Coffee Tea
Tomato Soup Lobster, Celery and Sweet Pickled Salad Radishes Sliced Cucumbers Hot Muffins Coffee	Baked Pears Tea
Hot Meat Loaf Riced Potatoes Cauliflower Baked Apple Dumplings Coffee	Tea
Fried Chicken Creamed Potatoes Green Peas Chilled Rice Mold Peach Sauce	Coffee Tea
Oven-cooked Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Shredded Cabbage and Tomatoes Steamed Blueberry Pudding Coffee	Tea
Roast of Lamb Baked Potatoes Creamed Celery Gingerbread Coffee	Whipped Cream Tea
Julienne Soup Casserole of Lamb and Macaroni Baked Carrots Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee	Tea
Swiss Steak Parsley Potatoes Wax Beans Apple Betty Lemon Honey Sauce Coffee	Tea
Vegetable Plate (Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce, Baked Tomato, Parsley Potato Balls, Spinach or Kale) Peach Cobbler	Tea Coffee
Cottage Roll Mashed Potatoes Buttered Young Onions Diced Fruits in Lime Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee	Tea
Melon Cup Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Browned Potato Cakes Corn Peach Upside-Down Cake Coffee	Tea
Fricassee of Veal Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Pears with Whipped Cream	Coffee Tea

Scalloped Eggplant—Soak thin slices of eggplant in salted water one hour. Cook until tender. Drain. Arrange in layers with chopped onion, seasonings and corn flake crumbs. Cover with canned tomatoes, sprinkle with chopped parsley and corn flakes and dot with butter or bacon dripping. Bake one-half hour.

The Modern, Easy Way to Make Luscious Jams and Jellies

Use CERTO...
it Saves Time and Work
...gives SURE RESULTS

- ✓ Short Boil
- ✓ More Jam or Jelly
- ✓ Natural Taste and Color
- ✓ No Uncertainty



CERTO Gives You Better Taste—Perfect Set

SHORT BOIL—To make jam with Certo you need only a one-minute to two-minute full, rolling boil—for jellies only a half-minute to a minute.

MORE JAM OR JELLY—Because so little juice has time to boil away, you get up to two-thirds more jam or jelly from an equal amount of fruit.

KEEPS NATURAL TASTE AND COLOR—The Certo boil is so short it cannot affect the natural, fresh fruit taste or darken the color as long boiling does.

ENDS GUESSWORK—With Certo you get tested recipes. Follow them exactly and you'll never have failures.

CERTO is Pectin Extracted from Fruit

When pectin is used in making jam and jelly, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board Order No. 150 allows you to use sugar not in excess of one and one-quarter pounds of sugar for each pound of fruit. On the basis that "fruit" means "un-prepared" fruit, this allows you to make your jams and jellies the Certo way which gives you approximately two-thirds more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit.

E42





Only 1/2 cup of Sugar in this Maple Syrup Cake

FEATHER-LIGHT, TENDER AND TASTY...
MADE WITH DEPENDABLE MAGIC

MAPLE SYRUP CAKE

1/2 cup sugar	3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
3/4 cup maple syrup	1/2 tsp. salt
2 1/2 cups flour	1/4 cup shortening
3 egg whites	1/2 cup milk

Cream sugar and shortening together. Add syrup and stir 3 minutes, or until very light and fluffy. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold them in. Bake in two 9" greased layer-cake pans at 375°F. When cool, put on boiled maple icing.

SUGARLESS (MAPLE SYRUP) ICING

1 cup maple or maple-flavored syrup	2 egg whites
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Boil syrup to 238° F. or until a little of the mixture dropped into cold water forms a soft ball. Remove from heat. Beat the egg white quickly, until stiff. Pour the hot syrup in a fine stream over the whites, while beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture is stiff enough to spread.



NOW that you're cutting down on sugar, you'll give an extra-big welcome to this "Magic" Maple Syrup Cake recipe that uses *only half a cupful* of sugar in the delicious cake and no sugar at all in the luscious maple icing.

Even in your sugar-short recipes you can count on tender texture in every cake you bake with Magic Baking Powder.

Give your family and yourself the benefit of this superior, time-tested baking powder. Ask for "Magic" today!

MAGIC Saves Precious Ingredients

MADE IN CANADA

These are the Daily Essentials →

MEALS FOR AUGUST



Three glasses of milk.



One serving of potatoes.

BREAKFAST

1. Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

2. (Sunday)
Melon Rings
Cereal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Coffee Tea

3. Berries
Bacon
Corn Muffins
Marmalade
Coffee Tea

4. Cold Tomatoes
Cereal
Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea

5. Tomato Juice
French Toast
Syrup
Coffee Tea

6. Melon Wedges
Cereal (with wheat germ)
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

7. Apple Juice
Cereal
Hot Biscuits Coffee Honey Tea

8. Stewed Blueberries
Bacon
Toast Coffee Jelly Tea

9. (Sunday)
Fruit Juice
Mushroom Omelet
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

10. Berries
Cereal
Scones Coffee Jelly Tea

11. Cold Tomatoes
Pan-fried Small Fish
Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea

12. Melon
Cereal
Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea

13. Tomato Juice
French Toast
Syrup
Coffee Tea

14. Blueberries
Cereal (with wheat germ)
Toast Coffee Jam Tea

15. Chilled Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Toast Coffee Tea

16. (Sunday)
Plum Juice
Waffles
Maple Syrup
Coffee Tea

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Raw Vegetable Salad
Toasted Cheese Rolls
Cornstarch Molds with
Fruit Sauce
Tea Cocoa

Fresh Fruit Salad
Cream Dressing
Bran Muffins
Honey Spice Cake
Tea Cocoa

Creamed Pilchard on Toast
Sliced Tomatoes and
Cucumbers
Green Apple Sauce
Tea Cocoa

Chicken Soup
Biscuits
Individual Fruit
Shortcakes
Chocolate Milk Drink

Casserole of Spaghetti
Shredded Lettuce Salad
Berries and Cream
Cookies
Tea Cocoa

Hot Frankfurters
Mustard
Buttered Noodles
Blueberries
Tea Cocoa

Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Prune and Cottage Cheese
Salad
Tea Cocoa

Baked Peppers Stuffed with
Flaked Left-over Cod
Egg Sauce
Chilled Watermelon
Tea Cocoa

Grilled Sardines
on Toast with Lemon
Celery Radishes
Fruit Cup Wafers
Iced Cocoa

Toasted Bacon and Tomato
Sandwiches
Pickles
Thimbleberries
Cake or Cookies
Tea Cocoa

Cold Meat
Cabbage, Green Pepper
or Pimiento Salad
Hot Rolls or Muffins
Chocolate Cup Custards
Tea Cocoa

Fresh Spinach and Poached
Egg
Brown Toast
Fruit Tarts
Tea Cocoa

Sliced Meat Loaf
Potato and Onion Salad
Shredded Lettuce
Chilled Melon
Tea Cocoa

Clam Chowder
Crackers
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Gingerbread Cup Cakes
Honey Sauce
Tea Cocoa

Egg and Rice Croquettes
Cheese Sauce
Shredded Lettuce Salad
Whipped Lemon Jelly
Tea Cocoa

Beet, Cauliflower and Lettuce
Salad
Hot Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream
Chocolate Sauce
Tea Coffee

DINNER

Liver and Bacon
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Green Apple Sauce
Gingerbread
Coffee Tea

Mixed Grill
Parsley Potatoes
New Peas
Deep Berry Pie
Coffee Tea

Veal Stew
Boiled Potatoes
Shredded Cabbage
Melon
Coffee Cookies Tea

Roast Lamb Shoulder
Browned Potatoes
Green Beans
Chilled Baked Custard
Coffee Tea

Asparagus Soup
Cold Roast Lamb
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Fresh Plum Tapioca
Coffee Tea

Meat Balls
Mashed Potatoes
Diced Beets
Cherry Jelly
Whipped Cream
Coffee Tea

Steamed Codfish
Mushroom Soup Sauce
Spanish Rice
Beet Greens
Berries Plain Cake
Coffee Tea

Mock Duck
Mashed Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Blanchmange or Trifle
Coffee Tea

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Cold Meat Platter
Potato Chips
Jellied Vegetable Molds
Ice Cream with Blueberries
Coffee Tea

Fried Liver
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Young Onions
Bread Pudding with Fruit
and Cream
Coffee Tea

Consommé
Carrot Ring with Green Peas
Parsley Potatoes
Broiled Tomatoes
Deep Blueberry Pie
Coffee Tea

Meat Loaf
Creamed Potatoes
Cauliflower
Blackberries in Lemon Jelly
Whipped Cream
Coffee Tea

Breaded Veal Cutlet
French Potatoes
Creamed Celery
Cottage Pudding
Fruit Sauce
Coffee Tea

Baked Lake Trout
Egg Sauce
Shredded Cabbage
Fresh Lima Beans
Apple Crisp
Coffee Tea

Oven Dinner
(Savory Oven-cooked Steak,
Casserole of Mashed Potatoes,
Baked Beets)
(Cook enough for Sunday)
Berries and Cream Cookies
Coffee Tea

Jellied Bouillon
Rib Roast of Beef
Horse-radish
Browned Potatoes
Summer Squash
Tea Prune Whip Cocoa

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



Summer Care of Children

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago mothers used to dread the summer because so many of their babies developed serious summer diarrhoea. Nowadays this trouble is much rarer, because we know what special precautions help to prevent it. This disease is due to germs which can be carried by flies, or may be present in improperly prepared or refrigerated feedings. When the weather is very hot, a baby's digestive system is not able to withstand the attacks of these germs as well as when it is cool. During the summer we must, therefore, be on our guard to prevent baby from picking up these intestinal infections, and we must also do our utmost to keep him comfortable and in excellent general health.

Milk is such a good food that once germs get into it, they rapidly increase in numbers. If the milk is warm, they grow all the faster. For this reason you should put the milk bottle in the refrigerator as soon as possible after it is delivered. You should always boil your baby's formula (milk, water, etc.), even though the milk you use in it is pasteurized or tinned. In making your baby's feedings you should have a large preserving kettle, equipped with a lid, in which you can boil for 5 minutes all the utensils that you use. These include the bottles, nipples, measuring graduate, measuring spoon, funnel, bottle rack, corks, and also a large silver fork. The fork is for lifting out the other utensils after they are boiled, so that they will not be contaminated by your hands, which should, nevertheless, be scrupulously clean.

When you have boiled the milk mixture, pour it at once into the boiled bottles, cork them with the boiled corks, place the rack of bottles in the preserving kettle which still contains the hot water and cool them by running a gentle stream of cold water into it. After the water has been thoroughly cooled, which usually takes about 10 minutes, put them in the refrigerator

and keep them there until just before you need one for a feeding. Never tuck a bottle of the baby's milk mixture in the corner of his carriage, when you go out for lunch and take him along. Always pack it in ice. During his second summer you should also boil for three minutes all the milk that your baby drinks, even though it has been previously pasteurized.

Flies can carry dangerous germs on their hairy, sticky feet and also inside their bodies. The fly specks that you sometimes see are material that the fly has either vomited up or excreted. The habits of the fly are absolutely filthy—they will eat practically anything and walk anywhere. We certainly should keep them out of our homes. Screen doors and windows are absolutely essential. Wire screens, of course, are best, but cotton netting, if carefully tacked up, will last one season. Any flies that elude your precautions and do get in the house should be pursued relentlessly until they are cornered and killed. Baby's nipples and other utensils should be kept covered as an added precaution. When baby is asleep outside, you should cover his carriage with mosquito netting. Make it big enough so it will fit on with the hood up, and if you sew elastic around the lower edge, it will be much easier to take off and on.

NEWBORN BABIES stand hot weather well, but older infants should be protected from excessive heat. If it is very hot upstairs, as it often is in a two-story house, it is a good idea to set up baby's cot on the ground floor. If you keep the air in his room moving, either by opening all the windows and doors, or if that is insufficient, by means of a fan, that will help to cool him. Everyone knows that clothes dry better on a breezy day. This is because the moving air increases the evaporation of the water in them. The fan or open window has a similar effect, in that it causes the perspiration (which you often can't see)

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;
Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.
Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The modern thing to do.

"Although you neither rub nor scrub
Your teeth will 'look like new';

"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;
His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.
The lesson? POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 40c



It's CALLED BABY'S OWN SOAP

BECAUSE ... it's made especially for baby! Over 75 years of scientific development have made it the finest soap obtainable. Infinite care in manufacture keeps it always safe and gentle. It's soothing and delicately-scented. That's why generations of doctors, nurses and mothers have specified Baby's Own for baby's delicate skin. Ask for Baby's Own Soap for your baby at your favorite retail store.



SOOTHING TO THE SKIN — CONTAINS LANOLINE



THERE'S THAT REDHEAD—SCARING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HER NURSE AGAIN!

Look at her! If ever I saw a baby that needed a good sound trouncing...

HEY you! What's the idea of whapping your nurse and chewing up your carriage and throwing plush rabbits all over the park?

Oh, you've got prickly heat, have you? Listen, my backward friend, that's no excuse for behaving like a woolly Indian. Haven't you ever heard of delightful Johnson's Baby Powder? That most wonderful soother of heat prickles and snappish dispositions?

No? Well, for goodness' sakes, put your mother wise! If I only had a can of velvety Johnson's handy—I'd throw it at you right now!



Any baby who gets around knows there's nothing like Johnson's for soothing chafes or cooling angry heat prickles. Another nice thing about Johnson's—it's so inexpensive!

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER



Ontario Ladies' College

FOUNDED 1874 WHITBY, ONTARIO
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Tire-less Picnics

Continued from page 45

Find a green stick about two feet long, remove the branches and sharpen the end. Force the pointed end through a cube of steak, then through a square of bacon and then a slice of onion. Repeat twice. Hold over the glowing coals of the campfire and keep turning until the meat is cooked. Six to eight servings.

Corn Scramble

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
- 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped green pepper
- 1 Can of whole-kernel corn
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Eggs, beaten
- 6 Slices of hot-buttered toast

Heat the oil in a saucepan, add the onion, green pepper, corn and soup, and heat just to boiling point. Reduce the heat. Add the eggs and seasonings and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is set but not firm. Serve immediately on the hot toast. Six servings.

Coffee Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3½ Cupfuls of sifted cake flour
- 6 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of light corn syrup
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- Melted butter
- Sugar
- ¼ Cupful of currants or seedless raisins
- 1 Egg yolk, slightly beaten

Sift the flour once, measure, add the baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in the shortening. Combine the corn syrup and milk; add all at once to flour mixture and mix until blended. (This makes a stiff dough.) Turn out immediately on a lightly floured board and knead thirty seconds. Roll one eighth inch thick and cut in two and one half inch squares. Brush with the melted butter and sprinkle with sugar. Sprinkle the currants over the dough. Roll each square as for a jelly-roll, brush with the mixture of egg yolk and one tablespoonful of sugar. Place on an ungreased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—fifteen to twenty minutes. Makes two and one half dozen rolls.

Creole Hash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Raw potatoes, diced
- ¾ Cupful of green pepper, diced
- ¾ Cupful of diced onion
- 1½ Cupfuls of tomatoes
- 2 Cupfuls of diced corn beef
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of dry mustard

Melt the butter and add all the vegetables. Cover and cook until tender, about thirty minutes. Add the meat and cook five minutes longer. Serve hot. Eight servings. ♣

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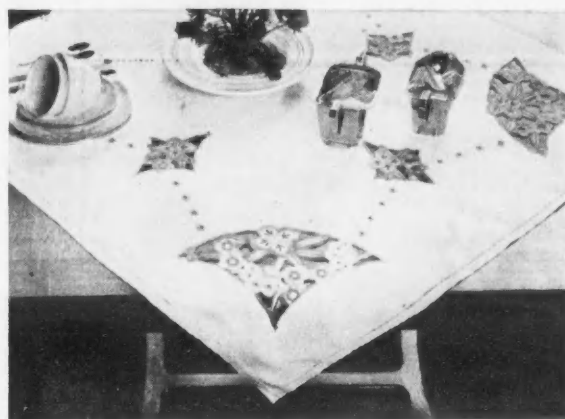
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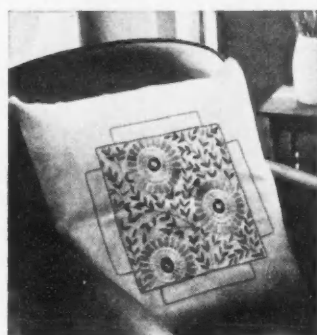
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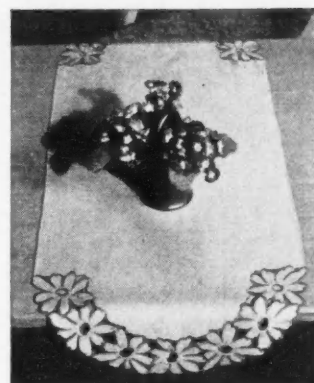
at \$2.25, and the 45-inch set, which can be supplied in cream linen only, \$3. Cottons for working come to 50 cents; extra serviettes can be supplied at 15 cents each.

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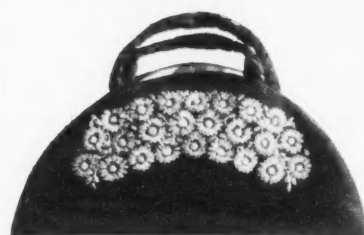


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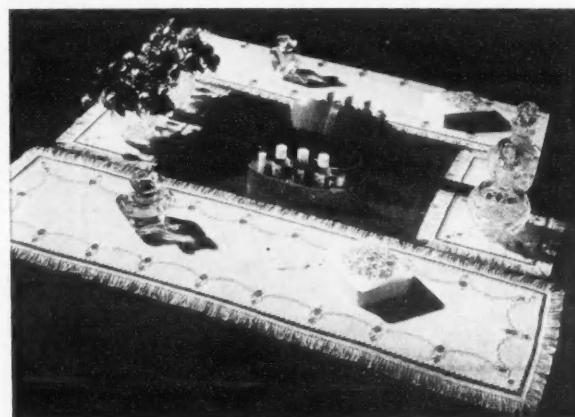
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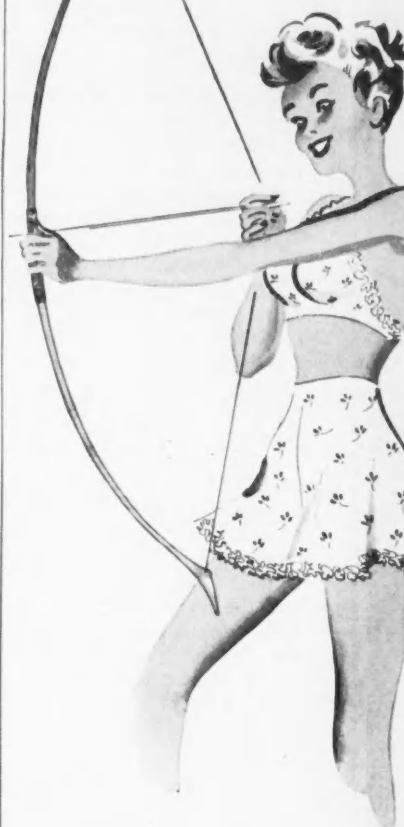
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on the baby's skin to evaporate more rapidly, and this cools him. However, you should see that the fan or the breeze from the window does not blow directly on him, as that cools him too quickly.

In the daytime, when it is really hot, a sleeveless cotton shirt and diaper are quite enough clothes—often a diaper alone is sufficient. On very hot nights a thin cotton nightgown and diaper are about right. In the evening he may need no sheet over him at all, but when it gets cooler during the night, the sheet should be pulled up. A good way to tell whether he has too many clothes on is to feel his skin. If it feels moist, he is too hot. If his hands and feet are cold and his lips blue, he needs more clothing. A sponge bath with tepid water will make him feel better, and two or so of these during the day, as well as his tub bath, are a real help to him. Your aim is to do everything possible to keep him cool and happy.

EVEN IN cool weather babies are almost like sieves, they excrete so much watery fluid each day. On hot days when they are perspiring, they lose even more. To make up for this loss of water they should be offered plain boiled water between each feeding if they are awake. They will be more likely to take it if it is given half an hour to an hour before feedings. When a baby has a digestive upset with diarrhoea or vomiting, he loses a great deal more water from his body, and this may make him very ill. If your baby suffers from these troubles, call your physician at once, so that they can be nipped in the bud. Lack of water makes a plant wilt—babies need water just as urgently. If your baby isn't as hungry as usual in the hot weather, you should tell your physician, so that he can advise you on how to reduce the strength of his feeding without cutting down the amount of fluids that he is getting.

In the summer, sun baths should be given before 10 o'clock in the morning, never in the middle of the day. On very hot days he should not have a sun bath at all, but on these days he can have the benefit of the skyshine, which is the light from the blue sky. To do this, put his carriage or play pen in the shade of some building, where the light from a large area of the sky can fall directly on him, but no direct sunshine.

Older youngsters need extra water too when it is hot, and their sleeping quarters should be as cool and dark as possible. Sun suits are the ideal hot weather garb for them, along with a light cotton hat or bonnet to protect their heads from the direct sun.

Question Box

Question—My 3-months baby was unfortunately given a pacifier when he was two weeks old. Last week I decided to break him of this habit and threw the pacifier away. He now cries when I put him to bed—sometimes for as long as an hour. We are afraid it will make him very bad-tempered. Should we get him another?—Mrs. F. L., Toronto.

Answer—Physicians are agreed that pacifiers are bad for babies. When he sucks on it, he swallows saliva constantly which keeps his stomach active when it should be resting. Also he swallows air, which dilates his stomach and makes him feel uncomfortable. After your infant has finished his bottle,

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hold him up over your left shoulder and pat him gently so that he brings up any gas that he has in his stomach. Change him if necessary, fix him up comfortably in his bed, open the window and then let him cry if necessary. His howling may be very unpleasant for a few days, but if you keep picking him up, you will end up with a spoilt baby. You need not be afraid that he will become bad-tempered. Crying does not hurt a healthy infant.

No prescriptions or feeding formulas can be given by mail, but Dr. Robertson would be glad to advise you on the care of your child. Write to her in care of the Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine. +

The Institute Suggests:



If you've bought a bunch of beets

Beet Consomme

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

4-5 Beets
1½ Cupfuls of water
1 Can of consommé
Water
Lemon juice

Peel and dice the beets and cook until tender in one and one-third cupfuls of water. To one can of consommé add an equal amount of water and beet liquor. Heat together, add seasoning to taste and a little lemon juice. In the bottom of the soup cup or plate place a spoonful of finely diced beets, add the piping hot consommé and serve at once. Six servings.

Beets Piquante

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Mix cooked cubed beets, while hot, with French dressing. Sprinkle with finely cut raw onions and serve.

Scalloped Beets

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Cupfuls of sliced cooked beets
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
¾ Tablespoonful of flour
¾ Cupful of thick sour cream
Buttered soft bread crumbs

Place the beets in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with the salt. Add the flour to the cream and mix well. Pour this over the beets. Cover with the crumbs and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for about twenty-five minutes. Six servings. +

We Haven't Got Forever :: Continued from page 26

ported wool and made-to-order hat were duly laid on the cotton bedspread. The scent of lavender came from them, mingling with the smell of beef soup with onion.

Kathleen sat on the wooden chair. She said, "Roger will surely come soon. He'll be—"

"Is this where you live?"

She nodded. "We were so lucky," she explained. "Rooms are scarce. It's nice and clean. Sunny."

"Sunny," said Mrs. Barnett. She was looking around with horrified eyes; not one single sordid detail escaped her.

"It's really very good," Kathleen hastened to say. "They let me cook."

"Cook—where in heaven's name—cook?"

"On the electric plate. That's what you smell," Kathleen pointed to the bureau. "I'm making beef soup. Roger has a cold and I thought—"

Mrs. Barnett got up and went to the bureau and looked at the kitchen arrangements. Kathleen looked out of the window and saw the Barnett limousine. She had driven then. No wonder she came at such a queer time. She was going to separate them, that was it. She couldn't take Roger from the Army, but she had thought of a way to take Kathleen away from him.

"I couldn't get anything to eat in town," said Mrs. Barnett suddenly. "What's the matter with the hotel?"

"So many people," Kathleen asked, "Would you take a cup of soup? It's quite done."

"Why—why—yes, I will."

Kathleen got a ten-cent-store cup and saucer and dipped out the hot steaming soup and sacrificed the hard roll she hadn't eaten for lunch. "I'll make coffee. It's time anyway."

Mrs. Barnett ate the soup. "How did Roger get cold?"

"I don't know. At camp somehow. I put him to bed with aspirin—"

"I knew he was sick. I felt it, that's why I came. I always know when—when one of the family is sick."

"Well, I don't think—" Kathleen was interrupted by the sound of a slamming door. The next moment Bob burst in. He didn't even see Mrs. Barnett. He said wildly, "Where is she? Where did she go?"

Kathleen said, "She went home, Bob." She pushed the chair toward him. "Sit down. I've got coffee."

"She went home," he repeated. "But I thought—why last night we had a swell time—dinner with you and all—of course we had a little fight later, but I thought—Kathleen, she's honest gone home?"

Kathleen said gravely, "Yes, Bob, no use kidding you. She said she had to go."

"She couldn't stick it out," Bob stared at her. "She couldn't stick it in this dump, this kind of life. Gone home to mother."

Kathleen poured a cup of coffee and brought it. "Now, drink this. It was hard for her, Bob. I mean—nothing to do or anything—"

"You haven't gone home," he said savagely. "Or are you?"

Kathleen forgot Mrs. Barnett too. She stood close to Bob and spoke steadily. "You can't blame her too much. Most girls when they get

married want a home and a—regular kind of life. I guess every girl does, in her heart. Lola was just too young—and spoiled, maybe—to take it in that this was different."

"You mean, you stick it and she couldn't!"

"But you see, I wasn't kidding myself," explained Kathleen patiently. "I just knew I'd rather be with Roger anyway. You see I—well, you shouldn't blame her too much. I think if you write her, maybe she'll change her mind."

"Do you think I'd ask her back after this? I'd know she didn't care about me much—how would I feel? I'd rather be shot." He started across the room, and noticed Mrs. Barnett at last, and muttered something as he fled from the room.

"What was that about?" asked Mrs. Barnett.

Kathleen pressed her hand over her eyes a moment. "His wife just left him, and she didn't tell him, I guess. They had the room above ours. I—He's going to take it pretty hard. I'm sorry. They were here for dinner last night and everything was all right, I thought, but then they had another fight—"

"I see," said Mrs. Barnett. "And you—would you consider going home?"

"No," said Kathleen.

"Why didn't Roger write me?"

"He was too proud. He said he couldn't seem to beg—when you felt—but, oh, Mrs. Barnett, if you could bring yourself to forgive him—it's not important about me, but Roger isn't happy when he thinks you are—upset. Listen—I hear him coming now!"

ROGER WAS sneezing violently as he came in, and had a dirty handkerchief over his face. "Keep away, you'll catch it!" he said.

"Your cold's worse," said Kathleen.

"Worse? It's terrible," he groaned. Then he took away the handkerchief and shouted, "Mother! Mother!"

Kathleen turned her back and rattled the cups. When she looked again, Mrs. Barnett was crying on her son's shoulder and he was patting her tenderly. He looked at Kathleen, his eyes so anxious and fearful that she felt hers brim with tears. She turned her head away.

Roger pulled himself together and spoke in an elaborately cheerful tone. "Well, what do you think of our palatial abode?"

"The most dreadful place I ever saw in my life," his mother answered promptly. "I simply was appalled. I have only one thing to say and it's final."

"What?"

"Any girl who can make such a place seem like home is worth the best you can give. Hang on to her."

Roger sneezed and blew his nose and choked. Then he pulled Kathleen over to him.

"I'll catch your cold," she laughed.

He kissed her. "Darling, you sure will. But what's a cold in a swell world like this? Now, how about dinner for the three Barnett's?"

"Soup's on," said Kathleen. "Sit by Roger, Mother Barnett."

"No," said Mrs. Barnett, "that's your place, next to Roger. That will be your place when you come home. I sit at the end." +

"Am I dictated to!"

A priority used to be what I had on my best beau. Now it's a word that keeps our office busy as a beehive—and me working overtime!

I guess most offices are the same. With so many men doing direct war work—we have to take over the office front, and do more jobs and work harder at them. Mostly it's fun and I love it. But there are days when I feel like the proverbial lame-brain, and everything goes wrong.

It's then that I'm grateful for the comfort and security of Modess. No chafing discomfort—thanks to the downy-soft Modess filler. No fear of embarrassment—with that safer Modess backing. If you want extra comfort—try Modess.



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AS THE

Editor

SEES IT

"Pretty Smooth." That's the general consensus of opinion concerning the setting up of the sugar coupon rationing system—Canada's first attempt to equalize distribution of a standard household commodity. Within the space of a few days 12,000,000 coupon ration cards were recorded and sent on their way from 106 centres across the Dominion.

The job was accomplished with such speed and with the minimum of hitches that it hardly made a good conversational topic. Yet it is worth talking about even now, because through this undertaking the organized women of the country proved themselves in a way never before made possible by opportunity or event. Through Local Councils of Women and their many member organizations, through the I.O.D.E. and the Catholic Women's League, and with the close co-operation of the Women's Regional Advisory Committees of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, no fewer than 77,697 volunteers enlisted their services for this gigantic clerical task. Working one, two or three shifts a day according to the local need, the women virtually finished the job in the four days allotted.

When it was completed, Donald Gordon W. P. T. B. Chairman, sent a message to the workers: "You have saved Canada at least half a million dollars—at a time when every cent available should be directed toward winning the war. It is a magnificent contribution."

Byrne Hope Sanders, Director of the Consumer Branch, had this to say: "So much of the fine work our organized women do is known only to them in their committee reports. I feel that this really difficult job, given to them at the worst time of the year, has shown to the Government, to business and to industry, their powers of organization and their eagerness to serve."

And now the question is: What other

national job do you want done, Ottawa—done well and quickly, and at no cost to the country?

☆☆

Children in Wartime. Any minute now, you may expect some important news about the Government's plan for wartime day nurseries, the need for which was pointed out in our June issue. The program is described, by those who know, as one of the most complete and far-reaching ever devised by any nation for the care and supervision of its children in emergency times. If you're still not entirely convinced of the urgency of this problem, you prob-

ably haven't heard about the youngsters who are taken into the movie theatres at noon, left with a packet of biscuits, and found sound asleep in their seats at midnight when the lights go on. So much safer than playing in the streets, you know!

☆☆

Miscellaneous Notes. Our brilliant fiction illustrations, which stop you on three different pages in this issue, are all-Canadian art products. Jim McCarthy and English-born Jack Keay have their studios in downtown Toronto; Martin Burniston is a talented young Canadian who has achieved outstanding success in New York; at the

moment he is busy building a little summer retreat in Northern Ontario. . . Our Fashion Editor reports fascinating new developments in fabrics for fall. Believe it or not, we're going to be wearing sour milk! Casein fibre is mixed with rayon from our spruce trees to produce a soft woolly dress material. . . And here's a nostalgic thought from a pre-war manuscript: "The family dinner was a dull affair of beef stew, bananas and cream, and a cup of tea." Do I hear a smacking of lips, circa August, 1942?

Mary-Elta Macpherson.



Costume and shoulder bag courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

OUR COVER GIRL

All set for a day on the campus, wearing the practical college classic: a skirt and sweater costume. The wool skirt is slim, with shallow pleating and narrow hem—in the new fabric-saving manner.

Vol. 15

No. 8

CHATELAINE

for August

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Contents

FICTION

We Haven't Got Forever	Gladys Taber	5
Homer Dates a Goon	Kalman Phillips	8
Glamour Wears Thin	Margaret Sangster	12

GENERAL ARTICLES

"So Many Mrs. Minivers"	Greer Garson	2
Someone Ought to Tell Her		6
In Ottawa: There's a Host of Bright New Faces	Edna Jaques	10
It's a Canny Business	Marion Isabel Angus	16
I'm a Y. W. C. A. Hostess	Dorothy Garbutt	16
A Life of Service	Margaret W. Jones	21
Books Go to War	M. Audrey Graham	27

BEAUTY CULTURE

College Woman of the Year	Carolyn Damon	14
Beauty Brevities		28
Honors Course in Beauty	Jean Alexander	29
Fashion Shorts	Kay Murphy	31
A Pretty Smile	Jean Alexander	32
The ABC's of Beauty		33
Campus Collection (pattern)		34

YOUR HOME

Dressing Tables	Helen G. Campbell	39
A Place for Summer	Gordon S. Adamson	40
Pointers for the Home		40
"I Made It Myself"	G. E. Altree-Coley	41

HOUSEKEEPING

A Fine Kettle of Fruit	Helen G. Campbell	43
Tire-less Picnics	Edith S. Coombs	45
Meals of the Month		46
If You've Bought a Bunch of Beets	Edith S. Coombs	50

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Child Health Clinic	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.	49
Handicrafts	Marie LeClerc	51
As the Editor Sees It	Mary-Elta Macpherson	52

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